Saturday Review

FEBRUARY 2, 1963 / 25¢

THE NEW CRIMINAL

A Scientific Report on the "Hip" Killer

By Lewis Yablonsky

A PROPER PUBLIC ACCOUNTING FOR SCIENCE

By Philip H. Abelson

THE FIRST AND THE LAST

New England in the Novelist's Imagination

By Alfred Kazin

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This is the only business permitted here after 3:30

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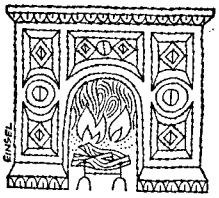
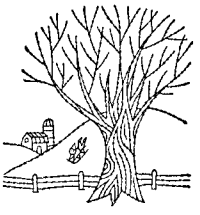


PICTURE THESE FOR THE HEART OF WINTER:

A former Commander-in-Chief and a "former naval person." A pre-eminent conductor and our U.N. Ambassador. The prettiest princess and the sauciest comedienne. A Caesar with wit and a Caesar with wiles. And everyone's favorite waif in a great George Bernard Shaw classic.

All these and more (see listing below) will be enlivening your hearth with wit, witchery or wisdom via television's infinite variety of a  wintry February.

The Great Challenge
Appraisals of aspects of the American democracy.
Sundays, February 3-10-17-24 (4-5 PM)

The Rise of Khrushchev
Study of a crucial period in the Kremlin.
Sunday, February 3 (10-11 PM)

Pygmalion
Julie Harris as Eliza Doolittle.
Wednesday, February 6 (7:30-9 PM)

D-Day
Churchill's commentary on the invasion.
Friday, February 8 (7:30-8 PM)

Peter Pan
Mary Martin and Cyril Ritchard.
Saturday, February 9 (7-9 PM)

Eisenhower on Lincoln—The Commander-in-Chief
A military memoir.
Monday, February 11 (9:30-10 PM)

As Caesar Sees It
A Sid Caesar special.
Tuesday, February 12 (10:30-11 PM)

A Dickens Chronicle
Scenes from Charles Dickens' life and works.
Wednesday, February 13 (7:30-8:30 PM)

A Look at Monaco
Princess Grace is narrator and guide.
Sunday, February 17 (8-9 PM)

Bernstein and N. Y. Philharmonic in Japan
Thursday, February 21 (8-9 PM)

An Evening with Carol Burnett
Robert Preston is guest.
Sunday, February 24 (10-11 PM)

The Troubled Waters of the Colorado
Sunday, February 24 (10-11 PM)

The Victor Borge Show
Pianist Leonid Hambro is guest.
Monday, February 25 (9-10 PM)

Here's Edie
An Edie Adams special.
Tuesday, February 26 (10:30-11 PM)

Regularly Scheduled Programs

Monday to Friday
Continental Classroom
Atomic Age Physics
American Government
College of the Air
The American Economy
Today
Calendar
Discovery '63

Mondays: David Brinkley's Journal

Tuesdays: Chet Huntley Reporting

Wednesdays: CBS Reports

Fridays: Winston Churchill—The Valiant Years
Eyewitness

Saturdays: Reading Room
Exploring
Watch Mr. Wizard

Sundays: Camera Three
Meet the Professor
Adlai Stevenson Reports—Issues and Answers
This Is NBC News
Wild Kingdom
Update
College Bowl
The Twentieth Century
Meet the Press
Walt Disney's Wonderful World of Color
Voice of Firestone
Howard K. Smith—News and Comment

NOTE: Times (*EST*), programs, titles and casts are subject to change. Please consult local listings.

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Two novels that transcend fiction through their vivid realism ...

AND THEN WE HEARD THE THUNDER

by John Oliver Killens

A big, robust account of Negro Americans in World War II, which has excited a good deal of advance comment. CARL VAN VECHTEN, for example, calls it "a great book, a very real book, and a very true book. The Negro has at last learned to say what is really on his mind. It is shameful that what is described in these pages had to occur. But these things did occur and only a Negro could really describe them accurately." And LORRAINE HANSBERRY says it "is one of the most deeply instructing novels of our time ... an extraordinary experience." $5.95

A GAP IN THE WALL

by Gabrielle Estivals

The story of a spirited daughter of a wealthy, tradition-ridden Moslem family who, like so many young women in Algeria, would risk everything to lead an unfettered life. "It is touching, honest and revealing, a lifting of the veil on the inner life of Algeria's Mohammedans." – KATHRYN HULME. "A novel so absorbing that you read it without stopping." – JOSEPH KESSEL. "It is an exciting book with a very high standard. And how she has managed to convey the tragic situation, the historical cross-purposes, the despair." – SYBILLE BEDFORD. *Translated from the French by* JUDITH B. JONES. $4.50

...and the accumulated evidence of a crime so monstrous it staggers sanity.

THE RECORD

by Lord Russell of Liverpool

The trial of Adolf Eichmann for his crimes against the Jewish people and humanity. Taken from the voluminous official record, this book is much more than an incisive review of the dramatic proceedings. The author has organized the material so that it becomes the first systematic one-volume country-by-country account of the Nazis' organization for genocide on a scale hitherto unknown. It is an important book for the historian, the lawyer, and the general reader who wishes to know the facts beyond the newsstories of the most sensational trial of the century. $5.95

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PRIMITIVE ART. Dr. Frederick Dockstader, Director of the Museum of the American Indian, writes on the little-known art of the Haida Indians of British Columbia. Striking photographs highlight some of the exquisite black stone carvings of this primitive culture. Another article features illustrations on the art of pre-Incaic Peru, whose people left no written records, but whose ornaments, utensils and textiles tell much of their story.

ARCHEOLOGY. John Chadwick, of Cambridge University, reveals the significance of the discovery of Linear B, a recently-deciphered language of pre-historic Greece.

ANTHROPOLOGY. Love potions and centuries old magic cures are described as they are still practiced in New Guinea today.

MARINE BIOLOGY. Winthrop N. Kellogg of Florida State University, discusses the questions that researchers are currently probing in studying the bottlenose dolphin: Can this highly intelligent mammal "see" with its ears and navigate without vision, taste, smell or touch?

ORNITHOLOGY. The story of a pine-loving songbird, long known as the olive warbler, which may have been misclassified by scientists more than a hundred years ago.

WILDLIFE. Dr. Milton Trautman discounts stories of Alaskan brown bear ferocity, and describes their fishing techniques in salmon streams.

BOTANY. Dr. David Rogers, of the New York Botanical Gardens, tells how Andean Indians use coca leaves to help them adjust to high altitudes.

PALEONTOLOGY. Dr Ronald Singer, of the University of Chicago, explains the way paleontologists have pieced together the evolutionary patterns of mankind in Africa.

ASTRONOMY. *Sky Reporter*, a monthly feature with current sky map and almanac and historic sidelights on astronomy through the ages.

BOOK REVIEWS. A comprehensive guide to new books in the biological and earth sciences including anthropology and archeology, reviewed by experts in their fields.

WASHINGTON NEWSLETTER. Keeps pace with activities and legislation pertinent to National and State Parks, and to conservation of our natural resources.

PLUS Naturalist's Notebook, The Rockhound, Nature and the Camera, Travel, Nature and the Microscope, and many other regular features.

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First of the Month

By CLEVELAND AMORY

JANUARY was the month of pro-budgets, anti-budgets, and fuss-budgets. During the month we journeyed down to Washington for Richard Adler's Second Anniversary Inaugural Salute—a show which, together with 600 people paying $1,000 each to be a "Friend of the President," raised over $1,000,000 and wiped out the Democratic Party's debt. During some of the performances, we admit, our mind got to wandering (Gene Kelly and Kirk Douglas, for example, were fine, but George Burns and Carol Burnett so tasteless you cannot believe it), and we got to thinking that there was no real reason why the idea of wiping out debt should be confined to one party. Instead, we thought, it should be expanded. Why stop with the Democrats' debt? Why not push on and have a go at the national debt? After all, as the President's new budget makes clear, we're going to be spending more and taxing less for a long time to come, and surely *everyone* likes a party—Republicans as well as Democrates.

The more we thought about this, the more we liked it. Also, we think the idea of $1,000 to be a "Friend of the President" is kind of out of place at a purely Party party, whereas, at a National Debt party, it would be perfectly all right. People who didn't want to be a Friend of the President could feel their friendship was for the office rather than the man. And then, too, you could be a friend of any ex-President you wanted to—Truman, say, for $500, Eisenhower for $1,000, or Hoover for $2,000—and you could be friends in a lot of other directions. You could, for example, be a Friend of the CIA (we think $1.50 would be about right here), a Friend of Culture (perhaps $4.80 plus tax), a Friend of Social Security ($125 a month), a Friend at Court—the Supreme, of course ($100), a Friend of Outer Space in general ($500), of the Astronauts in particular ($1,000), the planets in general ($2,000), any one planet in particular, like Mars or Venus ($5,000). We think a Friend of the Moon should be tops —say $10,000. After all, *no* budget should ask for more than that.

• • •

On the theatre front we liked best some artful questions asked by Robert Russell Bennett in the *Dramatists Guild Bulletin:* 1) "Why are there so many more rewriters than writers?" 2) "Why does grand opera sound grand in every language except English?" 3) "When the theatres are all replaced with parking lots, what will the cars come there for?"

• • •

On the book front we liked best the story in "Privacy: The Right to Be Let Alone," by Morris Ernst and Alan Schwartz, of the lawyer who wrote to a hospital concerning a client who, on his death, had left $10,000 for a hospital bed in perpetuity—only to find that the upkeep of a bed in perpetuity had since climbed to $20,000. "I can give you a choice," the lawyer wrote. "One-half of a bed for perpetuity or a whole bed for half of perpetuity. Take your choice but don't use up too much of perpetuity to make up your mind."

• • •

On the magazine front we liked best the story in the house organ *Speaking of Holiday* of the young doctor who went to a back-date magazine shop and asked for a selection of magazines "at least five years old." When the proprietor expressed surprise, the doctor calmed him. "Look," he said confidentially, "if you had just started to practice, would you want all your patients to know it?"

• • •

Books and magazines remind us of a New York lawyer who maintains that children don't read the language properly any more. He is Watson Washburn, who a year ago founded the Reading Reform Foundation. We called on Washburn and found him deep in his battle to combat the look-say anti-alphabet method of teaching reading. "This dreadful thing," he told us, "is spreading all over the world and is actually endangering the survival of civilization." A man who has no children himself, and frankly describes himself as a Goldwater conservative, Washburn got interested in the subject from talking to his great nieces and nephews, whom he found were learning to read only "in spite of their teachers." Washburn showed us the kind of thing he was fighting—in a passage in a California textbook, "Children Learn to Read," by David H. Russell, a professor at Berkeley:

> *Picture aids* are useful in early stages for introducing nouns. *Sight words* may be high frequency words and words with a pleasant emotional tone such as one's name or *ice cream*. The *general pattern* of a word is a rough form of perception which may not apply to certain words. For example, *man* and *was* may look much alike in general shape. On the other hand, a good visual cue is provided when words have a special shape such as apple. *Peculiarities in appearance* of a word might be the double *t in butter* or the two wheels (*c*'s) in *bicycle*. Both teacher and pupils may call attention to *familiar parts*. For example, if the children know *boat*, they may make a good guess at *goat*. The *recognition of familiar parts* may also occur in compound words, such as *fireman*, or in the case of "small words in large words." This last recognition technique should be used sparingly, since it does not apply in many words. There is no *hen* in *Stephen* or *but* in *butcher*. On the other hand, there is, for example, a *lion* in *dandelion* and a *wind* in *window*. . . .

• • •

At the memorial service for Lawrence Langner, founder of the Theatre Guild and the Stratford Festival, there were many wry moments. Dore Schary spoke of "his slightly off-center smile," Herman Shumlin spoke of "that close, intimate circle whose names he forgot," and Cyril Ritchard remembered Lawrence's telling him, "Cyril, at last I've found something to keep me awake at auditions—NoDoz." But the fact remained that the ANTA Theatre was packed and people's hearts went out to Lawrence's wife, Armina, even while in their heads they recalled almost superhuman stories of the man. Joshua Logan recalled how, serving in the Air Force in the war, he had received a letter from Langner, telling him he wanted him for a job and bluntly stating, "I have reason to believe the war will be over in four months." "Of course," said Logan, "I didn't believe it then, but I did later—exactly four months later when the war *was* over and I was on my way home."

• • •

And finally, we had a chance, a few weeks before his death, to talk with one of Hollywood's most courageous citizens, Jack Carson. The last months of his life he was working on a novel. "I think I'm over the hump," he told us. "I can write the greatest fourteen pages anybody ever wrote—but I get very sick of looking at a typewriter. And I can't type." We asked him what his novel was about. "It's about a boy's growth to manhood," he said. "I don't think manhood is twenty-one years old, I think it's in the thirties somewhere. My story is about his choice of whether he should be the image of what the world thinks he should be, or what he thinks he should be."

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I'LL MAKE YOU A MENTAL WIZARD IN ONE EVENING!

By HARRY LORAYNE

YES! Here at last is your chance to gain the THINKING-MACHINE MIND you've dreamed about . . . so easily and quickly that you'll be astounded . . . and do it without risking a penny!

Let me explain! I don't care how poorly organized your mental powers are today — how difficult it is for you to concentrate . . . how bad your memory may be . . . how much a prisoner you are of crippling mental habits . . . *how long it takes you each morning to get your mind going with adding-machine speed and certainty!*

I BELIEVE THAT YOUR MIND IS WORKING TODAY AT ONLY 5% TO 10% OF ITS TRUE POWER—SIMPLY BECAUSE YOU DON'T KNOW THE RIGHT WAY TO FEED IT DIRECTIONS!

Simply because you don't know the right way to feed your mind problems—*so clearly and logically that those problems half-solve themselves before you even touch them!*

Simply because you don't know the right way to feed your mind facts, figures and names and faces—*so they burn themselves into that mind in such picture-form that you remember them forever!*

Simply because you don't know the right way to feed your mind a FULL CHARGE OF ENTHUSIASM—so that it revs up instantly every morning . . . so that it operates at full power, not for just a few brief minutes each day. BUT FOR AS MUCH AS 8 TO 10 FULL HOURS AT A STRETCH!

MIND POWER IS A TRICK! I'LL TEACH IT TO YOU IN ONE WEEKEND!

Yes! Problem-solving is a trick! Concentration is a trick! Memory is a trick! Habit-breaking is a trick! And, above all, generating the will power that means success IS A TRICK! Mind-power can be made to order—you don't have to be born with it! The secret of a fast-acting, full-power, THINKING MACHINE MIND is as simple as tying your shoelace! *And I'm willing to prove it to you without you risking a penny! Here's how!*

All I ask from you is this. Let me send you—at my risk—one of the most fascinating books you have ever read. When this book arrives, set aside a few moments each day from the following weekend. Glance through just one chapter. *And get ready for one of the most thrilling weekends of accomplishment in your entire life!*

THE VERY FIRST HOUR AFTER YOU PICK UP THIS BOOK, YOU WILL PERFORM A FEAT OF MIND POWER THAT WILL ASTOUND YOUR FRIENDS!

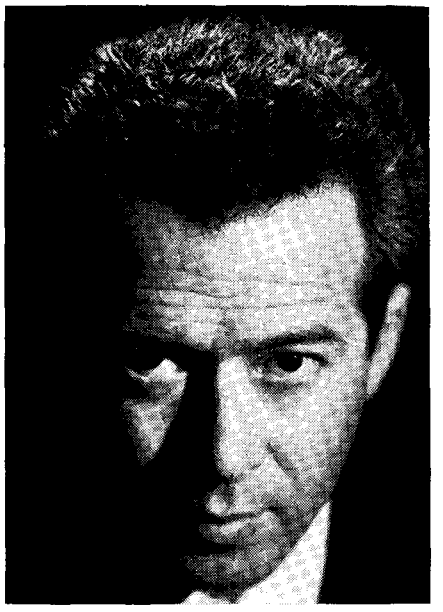
What you are going to do in that very first hour you receive the book, is this. Turn to page 144. Read three short pages—no more! And then, put down the book. Review in your own mind the one simple secret I've shown you—*how to feed facts into your mind so that they stay there—permanently—as long as you wish!*

Then put this simple trick to work for you—that very same hour!

Call in your family or friends. Ask them to make a list of any TWELVE facts, names or objects they wish, as fast as they wish. Have them write down the list so they won't forget it! *But, as they give you each fact, YOU are going to perform a simple mental trick on that fact, that will burn it into your mind, IN PERFECT ORDER, as long as you wish!*

And then—INSTANTLY AND AUTOMATICALLY—you are going to repeat that list backwards and forwards, in perfect order, exactly as if you were reading that list in your friend's hand! And you are going to have one of the most exciting moments of your life, as you watch the expression on those people's faces as you reel off those facts as though they were flashing on a screen on the inside of your memory!

Thrilling? Yes! *But also one of the most profitable secrets you will ever learn.* For that list of twelve facts can just as easily be an appointment schedule—with each appointment flashing automatically into your mind at just the right time and place that you need it! Or a shopping list



MEET HARRY LORAYNE

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—or the outline of a speech—or a sales presentation—or the highlights of an important article—or a list of things that have to be done in perfect order!

Any one of them—they flash into *your* mind automatically, as though you pressed a button! *And this astonishing mental gift—which will serve you every day for the rest of your life—is yours from the very first hour that you pick up this book!*

And yet it's only the beginning!

WHICH AREAS OF YOUR MIND DO YOU WANT TO STRENGTHEN IN A SINGLE WEEKEND? CONCENTRATION, WILL-POWER, SELF-CONFIDENCE, HABIT-BREAKING!

Yes! From this moment on, in less than one thrilling hour a day, you begin testing the wonder-working techniques of Automatic Organization on every untrained corner of your mind! You begin breaking through mental barriers—mental limitations that have been blocking you for years!

You begin tapping the buried powers of your own mind . . . powers that you have glimpsed before in brief flashes . . . now brought to the surface—organized with simple formulas to double their potency—and placed forever at your beck and call, ready to go to work for you at the blink of an eyelash!

For example—

DO YOU WANT TO DEVELOP "STEEL-SHUTTER CONCENTRATION" — OVERNIGHT?

Then turn to page 85 . . . master one simple exercise . . . and thrill to your ability to absorb huge amounts of information—easily and swiftly—*even in a room filled with half a dozen howling children!*

DO YOU WANT TO DEVELOP "X-RAY EYES"—POWERS OF OBSERVATION THAT AMAZE YOUR FRIENDS?

Then turn to page 136 . . . play three fascinating games . . . and then startle your friends, time and time again, by your ability to spot revealing details—put together hidden pieces of evidence—*that they never even dreamed were there at all!*

DO YOU WANT TO SEE HOW EASY IT IS TO REPLACE BAD HABITS WITH HABITS YOU CAN BE PROUD OF?

Then get ready for the revelation of your life on page 103 . . . that replaces agony with fun . . . *that actually lets your bad habits break themselves without your hardly touching your will power.*

YES! AND DO YOU WANT TO GENERATE ENTHUSIASM . . . FRIENDLINESS . . . PERSONALITY AT AN INSTANT COMMAND?

Then read every word starting on page 165! Learn how to overcome shyness and fear, automatically . . . make anyone like you . . . dissolve opposition with as little as a single word . . . earn both trust and respect from everyone you meet—*and keep them—for good!*

READ IT FOR THIRTY DAYS— ENTIRELY AT OUR RISK!

And this still is just the beginning!

What Harry Lorayne has described to you on this page is just a small sampling of the information packed into his amazing new book, SECRETS OF MIND POWER—now available only through this article!

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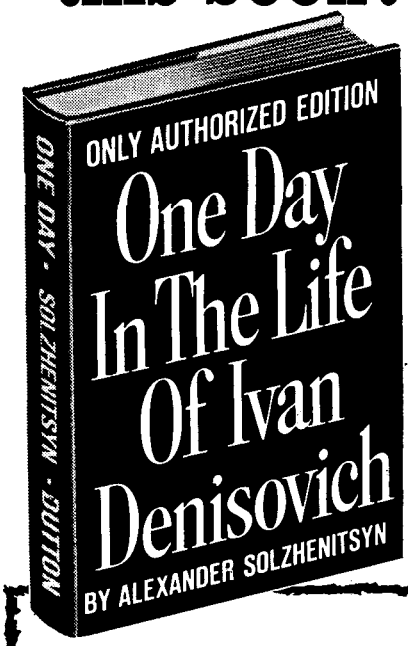

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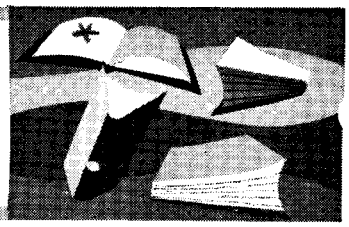


IN THE CONTINUED ABSENCE of New York newspapers, I found myself attracted to radio and television. I probably learned a lot, but what I remember best are things like these:

Perry Mason uttering a sentence which doesn't sound right: "The decedent had been struck around the head and shoulders by some blunt instrument."

Radio announcer Harry Hennessy's patriotic approach to the news that the Russians are going to try for Mercury: "The Americans are by-passing Mercury for Mars, considered a tougher target."

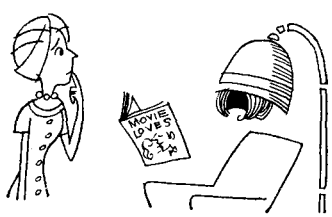
President Kennedy sitting fairly immobile for an hour and a half while three reporters asked him questions. Conclusion: the most influential man in the U.S. is the carpenter who nailed those blocks of wood under the rocker.

Critic Dwight Macdonald sniping at one of his favorite targets, Webster's Third International. The dictionary, he declared, does not set any standards and, on the contrary, encourages bad grammar. Unfortunately for his argument, Macdonald's own grammar abounded in such expressions as "neither . . . are" and "the reason is because" and "these kind of things." When he called us the *Saturday Review of Literature* I gave up.

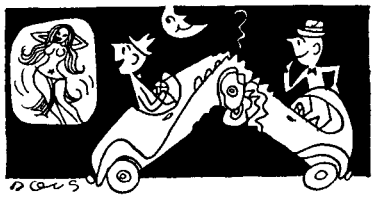
THERE IS A LAW in Oklahoma, Gordon Gammack reveals, that requires motorists to have windshield wipers on their automobiles. There is no law, however, requiring them to have windshields.

ATTORNEY HARRY ZUKERNICK of Miami Beach has sent me what he calls proof of changing times there. He was going through some legal notices and came upon one concerning the sale of a store on South West Eighth Street in Miami. The name of the enterprise was listed as: "Carniceria El Moro, formerly known as Katz Kosher Market."

JUST AROUND Christmas time Kay Mercier of Redding, Connecticut, went to the beauty shop to have her hair done. After the shampoo she walked over to the row of hair dryers and was about to take her place in an empty chair. The proprietor quickly stopped her. "Not there," she said, "that's taken." Kay did a double-take at the empty chair, but the mystery was solved when she looked at the dryer. In it was a wig.



NO MORE NUDE or burlesque-type movies are being shown at the Twin Drive-In Theater in Grand Prairie, Texas. The attention of city authorities was drawn by the fact that U. S. Highway 80 passes in front of the drive-in, leading to numerous traffic accidents



in 1962, two of which caused people to be killed. Passing motorists were turning to look at the huge girlie pictures on the screens and, unable to watch the road, were crashing into each other.

I say "screens" because, Texas-like, this drive-in has two rather than one. To determine if films such as "Cuban Cutie" were distracting, the police chief, city attorney, and a group of plainclothesmen attended the performance one night, observing the situation on the east screen. For one thing, they learned that "Cuban Cutie" has no overt subversive propaganda in it; the cutie is an Arab who does an Egyptian belly dance.

In any case, after four hours of careful study of movies which they later labeled as "trash," the men decided to confiscate seven films. It is now presumably easier to keep to the right on U. S. 80.

A YOUNG WOMAN was shopping in Harvey's Toyland in Brooklyn. She asked Harvey to recommend "a very good sexy novel for my husband." Harvey, a toy specialist if not a bookman, unhesitatingly went to the shelves and got "The Ugly American."

Stuart Schube, working in the book department for the holidays, was horrified. As the woman left he quickly explained the situation to her and ex-

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changed her purchase for Harold Robbins's "79 Park Avenue." When he told his boss what he had done, Harvey exclaimed that "The Ugly American" *must* be a sexy novel, it's selling so well.

SHARPS AND FLATS: Iowa State University Professor E. B. Smith, who lost the Senate race to B. B. Hickenloper, is back in Ames teaching history. He will also be able to work on his biography of Martin Van Buren, for which he has a contract. No one will beat him to it, for Dr. Smith is the only man alive who has been able to decipher the former President's handwriting.

►Progress marches sideways. When the "Gunsmoke" TV episode "Miguel's Daughter" was being dubbed into Spanish for showing on Mexico City television, it was noted that the villain was a Mexican. The dubbers fixed it by having him speak Spanish with an Italian accent. No word yet from the Sons of Italy.

►If you want to make some easy money, bet someone he can't spell correctly the following five words: desiccate, rarefy, vilify, supersede, inoculate.

►A Chinese scholar was lecturing when all the lights in the auditorium went out. He asked the members of the audience to raise their hands. As soon as they had all complied, the lights went on again. He then said, "Proves wisdom of old Chinese saying: 'Many hands make light work.'"

►The Norwalk (Connecticut) *Hour* told about the trial in Warsaw, Poland, of an American Marine who was charged with manslaughter. Driving an embassy car, he "struck and killed a pole on a highway 75 miles east of Warsaw." The *Hour* went on to say that "the pole did not get off the road at the sight of the car." (Maybe the driver was trying to avoid a turkey and he skidded on some greece.)

—JEROME BEATTY, JR.

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HORIZON—A MAGAZINE TO ENGAGE THE MIND AND DELIGHT THE EYE

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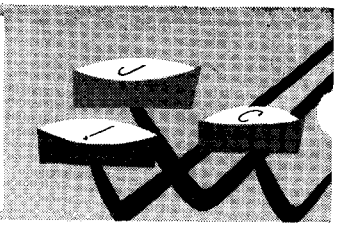

CASES OF CONSCIENCE: The New York City School System is both a bureaucracy and an idea. "Idea" is pure transliterated Greek and means at root "the conceptual form" (of a thing). "Bureau" derives from Old French "burel," a "coarse cloth" (covering a piece of furniture). The "New World Dictionary" guesses that "burel" derived from Latin "burra," meaning "coarse hair" or "a shaggy garment." I can find no authority for relating "burra" to our "burro," but the "New International Dictionary" (Second Edition) does specifically relate it to "burl" and "burlesque," and either of those relationships will make the point well enough.

These matters of derivation, always pertinent to the work of a school system, will help describe the contest between the ideal school system and the functionary's. Whether or not the New York City Board of Education cares about word roots, the coarse and hairy forms of its bureaucracy have found themselves at odds with its own conceptual forms, and with those of one good man's mind.

The good man is James Council, age thirty-two, unmarried, native Californian, mathematics major at Fullerton Junior College, physical education major at San Jose State, Army veteran, and M.A. from Columbia, his thesis in religious art. Mr. Council's teaching license was in mathematics but his graduate work (under Paul Tillich at Union Theological Seminary and under Meyer Schapiro and Mark Van Doren at Columbia) has been in philosophy, literature, theology, and art. This year (his second in the city system and his third in the state) he was assigned to Junior High School 44 to teach mathematics.

On October 29 Mr. Council refused to attend a faculty meeting called to discuss an air raid drill, informing the principal that he could not in conscience lend his endorsement to Civil Defense plans. On October 30 Mr. Council refused to take part in the drill. On October 31 Mr. Council again refused to take part in a drill and was told not to return to school. On November 9 his teaching license was revoked after an interview with Acting Associate Superintendent Josephine S. O'Brien.

On November 19 a Local School Board meeting was called to hear his case. In the city's system, local School Boards are not official but advisory and are made up of local citizens chosen by the PTA and other interested bodies. Its report strongly favored Mr. Council. (I understand it has been taped by WBAI and that it may be broadcast soon.)

On November 30, on appeal of Mr. Council, Acting Superintendent of Schools Bernard E. Donovan granted Mr. Council a hearing and offered to reinstate his license if he would agree to take part in drills. Mr. Council refused and the revocation of his license was upheld. Mr. Council was acting as a conscientious objector. Mr. Donovan was going by the book and firing a teacher for insubordination, as he might, for example, have fired another teacher for refusing to turn in his students' grades.

Be it said in Mr. Donovan's favor not only that he had granted Mr. Council more hearings than were formally required, but that the book by which he was going is clearly written. Mr Donovan's office has prepared a statement on the case, citing chapter, subdivision, and section of the State Emergency Act requiring shelter drills to be held in all schools, public, parochial, and private. As an official in a bureaucracy, he had a clear directive and, as official phrasing goes, he "implemented it." Nor do I see what else he could have done short of chucking his own job and letting someone else "implement" in his place.

Yet, certainly, Mr. Council has acted on principles that outrun the question of simple insubordination. If nothing else, he merits our thanks for reminding us that the law that decreed air raid drills did nothing to relate them to any conceivable reality. There are no blast shelters for the children, nor any thought of providing them. The children, in most cases, do not even take to the cellars. They file into corridors and are made to crouch low and to cover their eyes with their arms—a posture sturdily designed to build character and intellect. After this insane ritual, they return to their classrooms, and presumably to reason.

Mr. Donovan's report points out tha all suggestions for improving these drills are eagerly sought from teachers. Despite such bland reasonableness, however, the fact remains that the drills are an unimprovable farce, and a potential evil. They cannot protect the

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children: they can only condition them to what Mr. Council decries as "the warfare mentality." What can we teach children except hatred and fear when we herd them into corridors and teach them to cower there against the thought of a Russian attack? The children's only real defense, he argues, lies in reason. The drills dramatize the idea of a war race: we must, he argues, "speak of a peace race." Nor, let it be added, has he ever instructed his students to disobey. As a conscientious teacher, he has simply refused to confirm them in attitudes he believes to be destructive.

So it stands between one man's conscience and the system. I shall not even argue that the man is right, though I believe him to be. At the same time, I must agree with Mr. Donovan that Mr. Council has violated the law as written. That leaves a good teacher out of a job, alas, but men have paid more than that in defense of good principle. It yet remains evident that this is no case of simple insubordination. The case properly calls for a full public hearing, and the proper subjects of that hearing must include not only the futility and potential evil of the State Emergency Act, but the right of a teacher, within the bounds of professional decorum, to act as a conscientious objector to ill-conceived law.

Nor is the issue simply a local one. As it stands between James Council and the Board of Education, so it stands, to some extent, between all of us and the systems that govern. Because modern war, hot or cold, cannot be carried on without the systematic inculcation of hatred of the enemy, government inevitably calls upon the systematized citizen (which is to say, the citizen who lacks the force of his own view) to hate upon demand. Even when the conscientious objector is wrong, we need his voice to direct us to the constant re-examination of what we are doing on these brinks we all know we inhabit.

The ideal school system would have no difficulty in speaking to these issues. It is the coarse and shaggy forms of the (ever plausible) bureaucracy that lack conceptual tongues. The School Board would honor its own ideal purposes by hearing Mr. Council's objections with its human inner ear rather than through the tin horn of regulations. It might take a mutiny for the school board to uphold Mr. Council, but perhaps there is no other way to act in the interest of the children. I suspect that if citizens could be given an adequate photo-coverage of the children cowering in the corridors, the mutiny against this sort of insanity would come from the city—and from the country—at large. —JOHN CIARDI.

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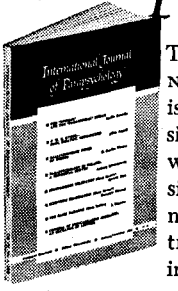

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Saturday Review

FEBRUARY 2, 1963

THE FIRST AND THE LAST

New England in the Novelist's Imagination

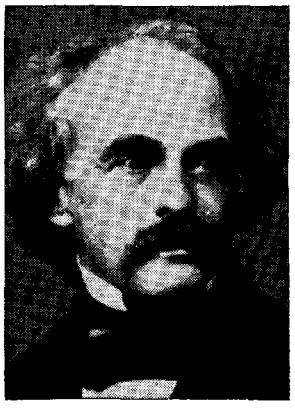
By ALFRED KAZIN, *author and critic, whose most recent book is "Contemporaries." This article is adapted from an address delivered at the University of New Hampshire.*

SOME of the best fiction about New England has been written by people who were not New Englanders; you might even say that it had to be done by them, since the great New England writers have not been novelists. In recent times, so interested in the novel as a literary form, this virtually explains the decline of New England as a literary center.

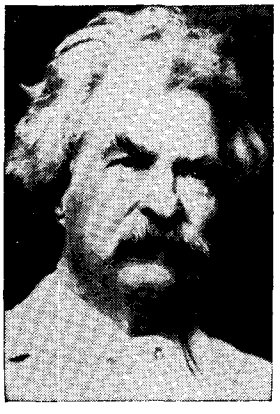
But if the novel has been the relatively undistinguished side of literature in New England, New England itself has been of extraordinary interest to American novelists. Think how quickly the region declares itself, identifies itself, and would seem virtually to explain itself—in titles like "The Country of the Pointed Firs," "A Connecticut Yankee," "The Bostonians," "Boston," "The Last Puritan," "Boston Adventure"; even the names of certain individuals as titles tell us that the story is laid in New England—"Mercy Philbrick's Choice," "The Rise of Silas Lapham," "Ethan Frome," "The Wapshot Chronicle." Of all American regions, New England is the one which still seems to many writers the most characterizable. It was the first to explain itself, to write its own history, to become a character and a symbol to itself.

New England figures in the imagination generally as the most conceivably distinct place that in America a place can be, as an extraordinary example of historical tradition and consistency of character. So far back does this image of New England extend, in New England itself, that you can see that it has been just this element of fixed character—real or legendary, real though it may be legendary—that has provoked the novelist. There is a classic stimulus to a novelist in this wholly moral idea of character. New England is stamped by ideas of itself, is supposed to be "different" as elsewhere only countries can be different. New England has stood for, and pretended to, so many absolutes that it has often been the despair of its own novelists and remains unchangingly the butt of novelists who don't plan to stay.

In New England, founded and so long ruled as a theocracy, it has been the priestly claims of its greatest men of letters that have worked against the acceptance and the enjoyment of fiction. Emerson could not read novels; he called them "sorceries." Lowell said that New England was all "meeting-house" when he grew up. Fiction could figure little in the thinking of people for whom everything had to show a moral and to point an example. Fiction could have little place in a culture where the socially insignificant elements of the population were subservient to the ministers, the scholars, the high priests of this New Jerusalem. In New England even those who really were outsiders in thought or background had to overlook these differences for the sake of that Christian society which saw itself as transcending all other interests. When the narrow force of Congregationalism broke down into Unitarianism and Transcendental-



Nathaniel Hawthorne



Mark Twain

Harriet Beecher Stowe

Henry James

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ism, the social authority of the minister retained its influence over his audience. And it is for this reason that Hawthorne, who detested Transcendentalism and reformers, stands out in such contrast to these who were literature in New England.

Hawthorne was the one great creative figure who took to "storytelling." As the first, perhaps the last, great storyteller from New England, he is fascinating because he shows the everlasting pattern of almost all significant fiction that deals with New England—the struggle of the self against institutionalized repressions. But though his greatest single work, "The Scarlet Letter" (1850), is on this pattern, Hawthorne somehow escapes the abrasive, wholly critical treatment of New England which is found in so many later novels on the subject, from Henry James's "The Bostonians" to George Santayana's "The Last Puritan" and J. P. Marquand's "The Late George Apley." These are all brilliant novels, and the satire on New England individuals seeking to be types has to be brilliant to come off; all such books are more or less attacks on an established and cherished way of life. But "The Scarlet Letter," though it shows Hester Prynne struggling against a fixed culture, is better than brilliant; it is profound, for it is steeped in the best qualities of the culture against whose repressions the heroine struggles for life.

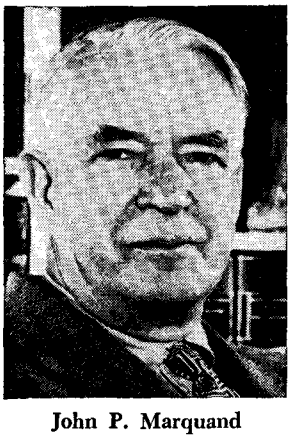
As we have realized in our own age, realism brings the novelist to grips with real life, at the cost of the integrity that once identified the poet with all the latent possibilities of his subject. Realism as a method emphasizes the subject rather than the continuity of inspiration between the artist and the world he lives in. A realistic novel that takes New England over the coals often leaves one with the sterile feeling that the author has discharged an unpleasant task and got himself away. Without realism, New England would no doubt have gone on glorifying itself as the New Jerusalem, but somehow realism finally attained a critical grip on New England only by showing up New England's moral conceptions as moribund. Hawthorne, by contrast, manages in "The Scarlet Letter" to make us feel that Hester is struggling for the intellectual freedom to be more of what she already is.

IN the famous preface, Hawthorne notes that while his ancestors would have disapproved of a mere storyteller, they would have recognized in him many of their own traits. If he did not believe in salvation, he did seek for the meaning of goodness. This is why he was so often concerned with moral fables and allegories—with the reality of the moral life. In the last analysis, New England to Hawthorne was the place on which he could draw most confidently for the setting of what is after all a metaphysical existence; he could see New England in space and time, he could see behind it to the permanent interests that are synonymous with the human experience. As an individual and as a struggling young writer, he had suffered from its narrowness. Having identified himself with it so intensely, he could in imagination spring free of its innocent self-regard. He was free enough to create in "The Scarlet Letter" a work of universal significance, where after him so many were to find in New England only local color.

Local culture, with its ritualized praise of New England for the "old-fashioned virtues," came in when religion was replaced by culture, idealism by gentility. The impulse to fiction seems to begin in the opposition of a new class to the one on top; certainly by the end of the Civil War the factory girls of Lynn and Lowell were no longer content to let the preachers, the ministers, the schoolmasters, the Brahmins speak for them. The realistic movement finds a made-to-order subject in New England exactly at the moment when New England, now detachable from the rest of the nation and no longer its conscience, becomes picturesque.

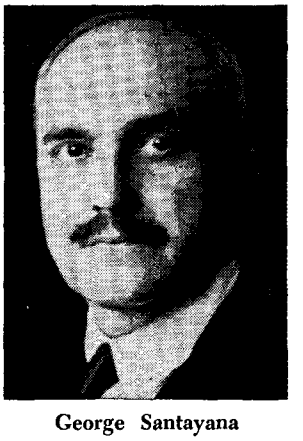
In the New England novels of Harriet Beecher Stowe (of course hers are all New England novels, especially the most celebrated of them all, "Uncle Tom's Cabin"), in the best of the novels that at least deal specifically with New England, like "The Minister's Wooing" (1859), you get the same protest against the narrowing of the natural religion of love by a harsh and prescriptive dogma, that you get against the protection of slavery by law in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." When compared with Hawthorne, who was only seven years older, you can see that her impulse to creative fiction, bursting through the culture that was "all meeting house," actually first used narrative to propagate a cause and then to propagate what one might call the new England legend. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" (1852) is one of the greatest representations of the New England mind in our fiction; it seethes and throbs at every point with the tensed-up moral feelings stored up so long in the New England conscience. But though "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is an extraordinary book, the author and her tale are certainly swimming around each other in a fashion that would have been unthinkable to the Hawthorne who worked with such integral consistency to create "The Scarlet Letter." And Mrs. Stowe is only the first, as she may very well be the greatest, of all those moral New England women who from now on were to make prose fiction a special female interest.

Once, in a Maine inn, I occupied a room in which there hung a group picture of the pantheon of New England's female authors. Some of them were not

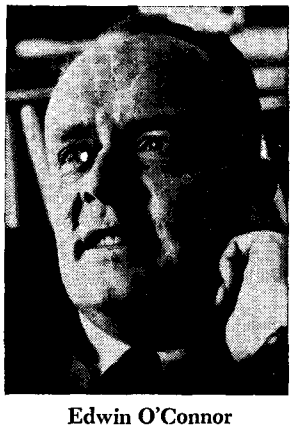


John P. Marquand

Louisa May Alcott



George Santayana



Edwin O'Connor

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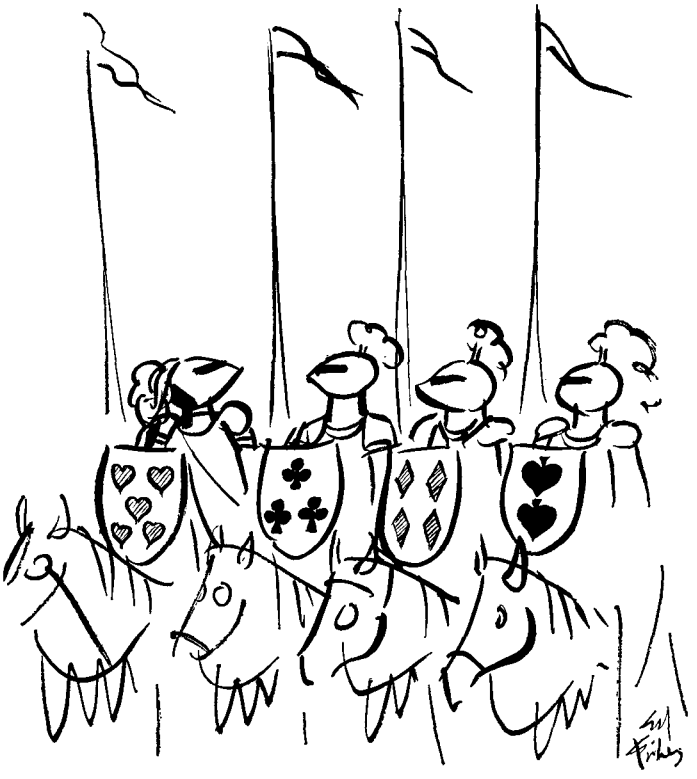
really in the photograph as originally taken; they had been painted in. But in their black silk and heavy bustles they looked as if they had been standing forever for the Lord. There were Harriet Stowe and Julia Ward Howe, Louisa May Alcott and Louise Chandler Moulton, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps and Helen Hunt, Sarah Orne Jewett and Mary E. Wilkins Freeman and Rose Terry Cooke. It has been charged that woman is the missing element in American fiction. This is certainly not so in New England, where she has written so many novels. The New England authoress created the fables of a golden, ever-bright American childhood.

YOU find the same impulse to the romanticizing of childhood in Mark Twain, who after his marriage settled down in Hartford among elements who encouraged the romanticizing of his own youth in "Tom Sawyer." This addiction in the American mind I associate with New England because the image of the child rests upon those images of genteel poverty and purity that had been dear to the New England Transcendentalists. At a time when New England was yielding its old literary and spiritual leadership, it kept supplying the nation with the wistful image of New England as everybody's youthful home, full of plain living and high thinking. The more New England became a kind of cultural memory, like Cornwall in Britain and Brittany in France, the more it came to seem quaint to its own writers.

A prime example of this is in that beautiful story of the Maine coast, Sarah Orne Jewett's "The Country of the Pointed Firs" (1896). This is a work of exquisite charm and nobility; no one can read it today without wonder at how much Dunnet on the coast had resisted the flattening-out of the rest of the country. Yet these sketches have been made by a Maine writer who describes herself consciously studying these fishermen and islanders for the summer; she has hired the schoolhouse at fifty cents a week to do her writing in, and although she is so taken with her landlady and her landlady's ancient mother and the landlady's unbelievably shy brother that her pleasure in them communicates itself to us as a genuine attachment, the very fact that her story *is* a series of sketches dealing with quaint regional types rather than stories concerned with characters interesting in their own right reveals how detached Miss Jewett, from Maine herself, is among these people. The New Englander has become a curiosity.

Yet by the same token, the spiritual independence that is as real in "The Country of the Pointed Firs" as the rocky islands and barnacled lobster pots does give her people extraordinary charm. And the delicacy of Sarah Orne Jewett's own writing makes her as quaint to us now as her own characters. There is a tone of extraordinary *gentillesse* to "The Country of the Pointed Firs" that I've never seen elsewhere in American writing—not even in Willa Cather, who was Sarah Orne Jewett's disciple and loving admirer. This is, in tone if not in breadth of talent, the highest version of the feminine ideal which at this time New England identified with culture, and one misses it in the self-projecting charm of Louisa May Alcott and the prophetic intensity of Harriet Beecher Stowe. The women characters in "The Country of the Pointed Firs" really have the instinctive dignity that the Romantic poets associated with "simple" people. And when you think of the role that bossy and pretentiously "cultured" women played in Henry James's "The Bostonians" (1886) and were to play in such brilliant castigations of the type in George Santayana's "The Last Puritan" (1936) and J. P. Marquand's "The Late George Apley" (1937), you seem to see the plain, independent women in "The Country of the Pointed Firs" already wrapped in a haze of myth, as unreal to us as the long empty stretches of Maine itself.

"The Bostonians," however, is an attack on the New England bluestockings at that moment in the Eighties when a certain type of harshly dogmatic feminist had in fact become a caricature of the New England reformer. Olive Chancellor has all the faults of the reformer without the significant cause for which the Transcendentalists and Abolitionists fought. Although she is obviously in love with Verena Tarrant, she considers herself an idealist at bay struggling for the emancipation of her sex from a society dominated by men. Even her taking over the beautiful and strangely gifted Verena is made possible by the private income which in Boston is the inevitable mark of her class. James, who had lived so long in New England but was neither by origin nor artistic sympathies a New Englander, took out on Olive Chancellor everything he most disliked about the tweedy, culture-steeped, talky Boston female of the Back Bay class. Olive Chancellor is described as being quite young and pretty, but James obviously saw her as the type of Bostonian who finds her emotions in ideas. He summed up in her everything self-righteous and self-deceiving that in Boston had stood so long for the threadbare pieties. "The Bostonians" is in fact the most conspicuous attack on all those New England tendencies in American literature which James, who preferred



"Why don't we invent a little game to play while we wait?"

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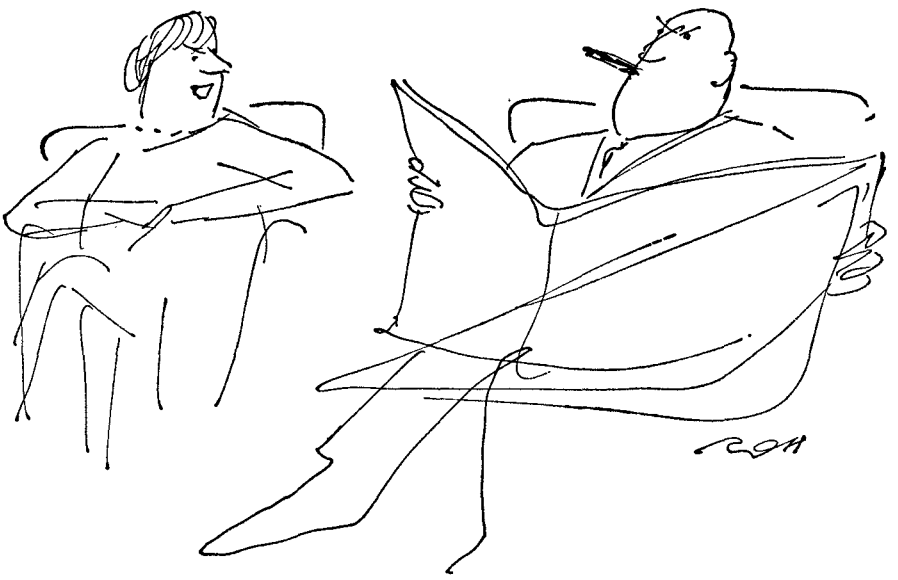
George Eliot and Balzac, was trying to replace with a mature, cosmopolitan novel of society. The very title of his book; the terse, contemptuous, unbroken disapproval which he communicates against deluded busybodies and phony salvationists whose very names are Miss Birdseye and Matthias Pardon and Eliza P. Moseley, convey his horror of the provincial posturings and ignorance, against which James felt that he was struggling to become a mature artist.

Not unnaturally, "The Bostonians" was coldly received when it was serialized in the *Century*. It was resented by William James, who reproached his brother for what was generally assumed to be the resemblance of Miss Birdseye to Elizabeth Peabody, the eccentric and excessively high-minded sister-in-law of Hawthorne. James heatedly replied to his brother that he was not caricaturing anyone in particular; no doubt he felt that in Boston Miss Peabody, with her perpetually sweet, lost, indomitable hopefulness, was not an individual but a type. And in answering William's criticisms, Henry made clear how much he was exasperated, as an artist attempting to deal honestly with society: "I care not a straw what people in general may say about Miss Birdseye—they can say nothing more idiotic and insulting than they have already said about all my books in which there has been any attempt to represent things or persons in America."

THOUGH "The Bostonians" has been taken up in our day by critics who think that James, though he may not have known it, was describing a lesbian relationship in Verena Tarrant's attraction for Olive Chancellor, it is obvious that what James consciously saw and disliked in Olive was her bossiness and the feminine custodianship of culture—these were becoming clearly marked in a society where the really interesting men were absorbed in business. The fact that James's hero, Basil Ransome, who eventually takes Verena away from Olive, is a former Confederate officer, an unreconstructed Southerner and an arch-reactionary who thinks that woman's place is in the home, makes even clearer how many resentments about New England's political self-righteousness James was discharging in "The Bostonians."

Yet James's attitude toward New England is of course much more complex than the astringency of "The Bostonians" can convey. James completes the novel with a comic scene in which Basil Ransome takes Verena away from Olive just as Verena is about to go out before the great crowd in Boston assembled to hear her make her usual



"Admit it, Thornton, you used to be putty in my hands."

speech about the wrongs suffered by womanhood. Perhaps the scene is an allegory of the rights of personal passion as opposed to New England's passion for public causes. The hero takes his girl away from what is described in the novel as the largest crowd ever assembled in a Boston meeting hall; it is as if James saw himself, now, taking the American novel away from the sterile idealists and self-infatuated reformers who had stood in the way of realism. Yet James identified New England with what was most idealistic in the American character. New England always stood in his mind for a certain quality of American unworldliness and innocence. It is from Northampton, Massachusetts, that Roderick Hudson goes off to his unfortunate adventure in Europe, as it is from "Woollett," Massachusetts, that Lambert Strether in "The Ambassadors" will go off to Europe to rescue from European snares the son of the town's great lady. Throughout the long record that James left of his career as a portraitist of America and Europe, it is usually New England that figures as the native place of the American character.

The reason is not merely that James, as a mature artist, lived more in Newport and Cambridge than in his native New York, but also that with his predilection for representing Americans as made vulnerable by their own idealism, he naturally located these qualities more in New England than in New York. It was the very contrast between American innocence and European worldliness that made up the drama of his novels to the end. America is moral force, and Europe only tradition. In view of the tendency of later writers, Santayana and Marquand, to emphasize the tragi-comedy that resulted from New England's self-righteousness it is important to remember that for Henry James, the American landscape was usually a New England landscape, and the American character in its virtuousness a New England character.

AS American society drifted farther away from its old veneration of and dependence on New England, the lonely imaginative figures in New England suddenly seemed to be poets of failure like William Vaughn Moody, George Cabot Lodge, Trumbull Stickney—all of whom, said their contemporary George Santayana, were visibly killed off as writers for lack of atmosphere. Amid all the New England scholars and editors, there were not many novelists. William Dean Howells, who wrote so much about New England types, was a Midwesterner who imitated the New England unction successfully before he revolted against Boston, became a socialist, and fled to New York. Still, Howells had so gratefully identified himself with New England that the genial shrewdness that marks his novels of American manners does not distinguish his New England characters very appreciably from others. Howells, as editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, naturally identified with New England the professional class in America generally, the class he most admired and to which he looked for detachment in materialistic society. Even when he tried to make a spiritual home for himself away from New England he seemed to a later generation one of the New England schoolmasters. At the turn of the century those writers

(*Continued on page* 45)

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Hostilities and Belligerents

ACROSS the way from the offices of *Saturday Review* in New York, in the lobby of a medium-sized hotel, is a small newsstand. It is leased by the Association for the Blind in behalf of a partially blind, white-haired, elderly lady who supports herself and her handicapped grown son through the sales of newspapers, candy, cigarettes, and sundry items. Most of her customers are hotel guests or passersby who use the hotel arcade as a short cut between Forty-fifth and Forty-fourth Streets.

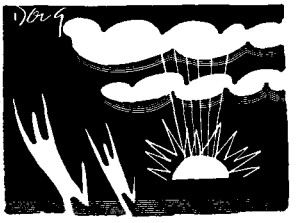
For almost two years, this elderly lady has been trying to build up her tiny newsstand into a profitable venture. Many times, as we walked through the arcade, we would observe her arranging and rearranging the items on her counter in order to make them more attractive and accessible. The heart of her little business, of course, has been her newspaper shelf. For it is the newspapers that bring in the customers. Once a transaction is begun, even for so inexpensive an item as a newspaper, there is a fair probability that it will lead to the purchase of candy, cigarettes, or other goods.

In recent weeks, because of the strike, the newspaper shelf has been empty. And, because of it, all her sales have been severely reduced and her little business is falling apart. How much longer can she hold out? She isn't sure. She has bills to pay. Even without the strike, her newsstand is a borderline affair.

It would be impossible to draw up a list of all the people who have been severely hurt by the newspaper strike—all the way from individuals who have to operate newsstands to mammoth department stores and real estate firms. Nor is there any way even to approximate the number of millions of dollars lost over and above the amount being contested in the strike. Perhaps even more serious is the violation of a fundamental right affecting millions of people—the right to know.

None of the people thus injured has been consulted by the parties to the strike. The elderly woman in the hotel newsstand took no part in the strike vote that was to undermine her livelihood. Her views have not been solicited in the negotiations. She receives no strike benefits. Her vital interests may not be so large as those of the union or the newspapers, but her whole life is wrapped up in her newsstand. Moreover, the test of a free and responsible society is represented by its ability to put justice to work in behalf of its most inconspicuous member.

What makes the newspaper strike all the more tragic is that the unions themselves do not present a solid front. If the matter had been left to the Newspaper Guild of New York, it is possible that the dispute would have been settled weeks ago. But Bertram A. Powers, head of Typographical Union No. 6, has apparently decided to handle the dispute his own way.



IN ANY event, the strike points up a basic weakness in human organization—not just as it applies to labor-management problems but as it applies to the society of humans as a whole. That is, human intelligence has so far been unable to confine hostilities to the belligerents—whatever the level of contention. In this sense, the newspaper and the dock strikes are only a reflection of the failure of nations to avoid hurting people who are in no way involved in their animosities. A nuclear war would claim many more victims outside the warring powers than among their own citizens. What is most outrageous of all is that this aspect of the problem is hardly ever discussed inside the contending nations.

Now, the people of this country would be willing—as would the Russians—to endure almost any pain or pulverization, even a nuclear war, in defense of their vital interests. Americans don't exactly relish the prospect of a war in which we and the Russians would throw everything we have at one another—hydrogen bombs, chemical explosives, nerve gases, disease germs, all of which are now standard items in modern warfare. Even so, most Americans would be prepared to face up to such a war rather than surrender or retreat from our commitments.

All this is clear enough. But what is not clear is how we go about justifying the killing of a billion or more human beings with whom we and the Russians have no quarrel. Assuming we can take in our stride the death of 160 million Russians, and that the Russians can take in their stride the death of 120 million Americans, how does either side take in its stride the death of sixty million Latin Americans, ten million Egyptians, one million Israelis, ten million Iranians, three million Iraqis, one million Lebanese, six million Moroccans, forty million Pakistanis, two hundred million Indians, three million Malayans, ten million Burmese, sixty million Japanese, twenty million Filipinos, two million Cambodians, ten million Thais, one million Laotians, forty million Indonesians—to say nothing of the four to five hundred million people in Western and Central Europe who are associated with or tied to the contending powers? (Estimates of casualties are based on

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the detonation of upwards of 25,000 megatons of nuclear force. The figure given for nations other than the belligerents is less than half of the population of each country; theoretically, all life above the Equator could be condemned.)

As we say, the most fiendish aspect of the entire business is that this is the major issue of our age but it receives no headlines. It is generally omitted in the thrust and counter-thrust of the running debate between the U.S. and U.S.S.R. How far can or should any individual go in pursuit of his vital interests or even in self-defense? Are two men in a crowded lifeboat justified in overturning the boat in the act of battling together?

Would this issue become more real for us if, instead of the Americans and Russians as nuclear disputants, the contending nuclear powers were the Israelis and the Egyptians? That is, suppose the use of nuclear force by these nations would lay a dangerous radioactive deposit over all other countries, including the United States and the Soviet Union, condemning countless millions of people who are neither Israelis nor Egyptians. Even if all Americans were convinced that one side or the other carried the ultimate hopes of the human race, we would protest the incredible arrogance of both countries in threatening to use weapons that would kill and destroy beyond their borders. Or do we say that the analogy does not hold because we are a much larger nation and that we have rights the smaller countries do not possess? Whatever we say, in a few years any number of smaller nations *will* have nuclear arms and the issue will cease to be theoretical.

IF there is any single certain answer to the problem, we don't know what it is. But at the very least, perhaps the matter is worth some sustained concern and thought. Ultimately, we are measured by our concerns and shaped by our thoughts. We will never find an answer to any major problem unless we at least regard it as a problem. The need to confine hostilities to the belligerents, whether we are talking about a dispute between printers and publishers or between one nation and another, now becomes the most important business before the human race.

Sustained attention to the problem may not produce a sure-fire solution, but it may at least indicate that the cause is anarchy. We may discover, too, that the only workable response to anarchy is law. To the extent, therefore, that we pursue the possibilities of law we make an approach to a reasonable answer. —N.C.

Is This Trip Necessary?

THE high French and American officials responsible for bringing Leonardo's "Mona Lisa" to Washington and New York might well do a bit of serious soul-searching. Despite warnings from numerous art specialists, this masterpiece is now being subjected to the most senseless risks for what seem to be purely non-artistic ends. It is common knowledge today that, except for war, extensive travel is one of art's top threats. With "Mona Lisa," risks are graver than usual since the painting is on wood panel, a material peculiarly susceptible to changes in climate and humidity and to vibrations incurred during moving or handling.

I watched the picture's televised arrival at the New York docks, an arrival replete with police cordons drawn up in musical comedy style. Whether this melodramatic caution was intended to divert us from the paramount danger—in this case not theft but ordinary wear and tear—or merely intended to act as a photogenic backdrop I do not know. But I do know that the painting remained off view for three long weeks after it reached Washington, waiting for the 88th Congress to convene. A representative of the French Government, explaining the delay, frankly admitted that the "Mona Lisa's" visit was not without diplomatic implications.

Now we read the shocking news that throngs pouring into the museum for a look at the picture get precisely that and nothing more. The time for contemplation averages less than ten seconds per visitor, a situation hardly conducive to public enlightenment or enjoyment. Leonardo's work demands particularly intimate, close, and lengthy attention, a great part of "La Gioconda's" legitimate fame resulting from an incredibly subtle use of chiaroscuro. With supremely controlled gradations of light and shadow, da Vinci created the illusion of form, a form modeled so evanescently as to fool the eye.

One questions whether the thousands now dutifully lining up to see the painting (much as tourists pass by Lenin's tomb) would come in comparable numbers were a less romanticized but equally distinguished work by Leonardo on view—for instance, "St. Ann with the Virgin and Child." After all, the Mona Lisa is not measurably greater than dozens of other historic masterpieces; it just happens to be more famous.

To exploit an invaluable object for political gain becomes especially up-

"La Gioconda"—the ten-second smile.

setting when that object is subjected to needless risks. But to shortchange the public with gaudy Hollywood tactics and to expose it to supercilious barbs from abroad is far from good diplomacy. Let us hope that the new enthusiasm for art in high government circles will not prove more devastating than the lack of interest during previous administrations proved frustrating.

Equally alarming is the projected visit of Michelangelo's "Pieta" to the New York World's Fair. Many expert voices from both sides of the Atlantic have been raised in concern, urging that the loan be reconsidered. Irreparable damage can result from transporting this two-ton marble sculpture that age has made brittle and highly vulnerable. Since 1536 the "Pieta," which, it is rumored, will come to New York by submarine, has been moved only once and then merely across an aisle in St. Peter's. Already a precedent is being established. History's most illustrious monuments are no longer safe from power politics.

"Mona Lisa's" American "triumph" does discredit to a great painting and to the memory of a prodigious artist. One more fatuous word about her "enigmatic smile," one more supercolossal dollar sign, one more blurb about marines with bayonets bared or about "the mysterious lady" herself and any sane person will want to sign off art for life, or at least for the duration of "La Gioconda's" visit. —K.K.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

"BIOCIDE"

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Among the letters to the editor in SR's January 19 issue was one from Wallace G. Holbrook of Spring Valley, N.Y., inquiring into the origin of the word "biocide." In answer to Mr. Holbrook's query, SR here reprints the following letter from its issue of August 30, 1947:*

TO THE WELL-KNOWN words, suicide and homicide, has recently been added a new and now officially recognized term to denote race destruction, namely, "genocide."

There is another kind of murder going on all the time all about and within us (but on a much grander and more insidious scale)—murder of our own bodily tissues.

This form of self-destruction, while slow, is none the less deadly, and deserves our attention for the very practical purpose of prolonging human life. May I propose to name this kind of murder "biocide"?

"Biocide," or destruction of the tissues of the human body, is caused by all the unphysiologic habits that civilization has imposed upon the human race. These unphysiologic patterns of behavior comprise poor dietary and sexual habits (under and overindulgence), excesses in tobacco and alcohol, drugs, inhalation of chimney and automobile exhaust, the hustle and bustle of modern living, the pressure of social forces, and all the general psychosomatic effects of the alternating currents of satiety and starvation, love and hate, war and peace.

EMANUEL M. GREENBERG, M.D.
New York, N.Y.

NOD OF APPROVAL

AS THE SOMEBODY in Washington saddled with the bulging file marked "Foreign Writers' Tour No. 1," I feel as well qualified as anyone outside the United Kingdom to inform you that SR's George Seldon ("To America with Love," Jan. 5), is the London *Observer*'s George Seddon.

I drove, flew, and ran the whole distance with the thirteen journalists (from nine countries)—across the country and around it—and if I had the chance I'd start again tomorrow.

It is evident from his witty, thought-provoking article that when I thought Mr. Seddon, like the rest of our weary group, was catching up on sleep, he was in truth giving us a more than passing glance.

LYNN BEAUMONT,
Deputy Director, Media Relations,
U.S. Department of Commerce.
Washington, D.C.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Apparently the only one napping was an SR proofreader.*

VOLUME CONTROL

I HAVE JUST read the editorial "The Noise Level Is Rising" [*SR*, Dec. 8] I thought I was a lone dissenter who objected strenuously to all this, but I believe now there must be many people similarly annoyed.

If *SR* or anyone else wants to start a campaign to do something about this, count me in.

In my business I travel to small towns oftentimes, and I have been in some where some idiot has a loudspeaker set up that blares all over the business district to such an extent you can't even talk to anyone. Recently in a little Nebraska town I was in a downtown hotel, and all evening until about ten o'clock loudspeakers on Main Street played two versions of "White Christmas" until it was enough to affect one's sanity.

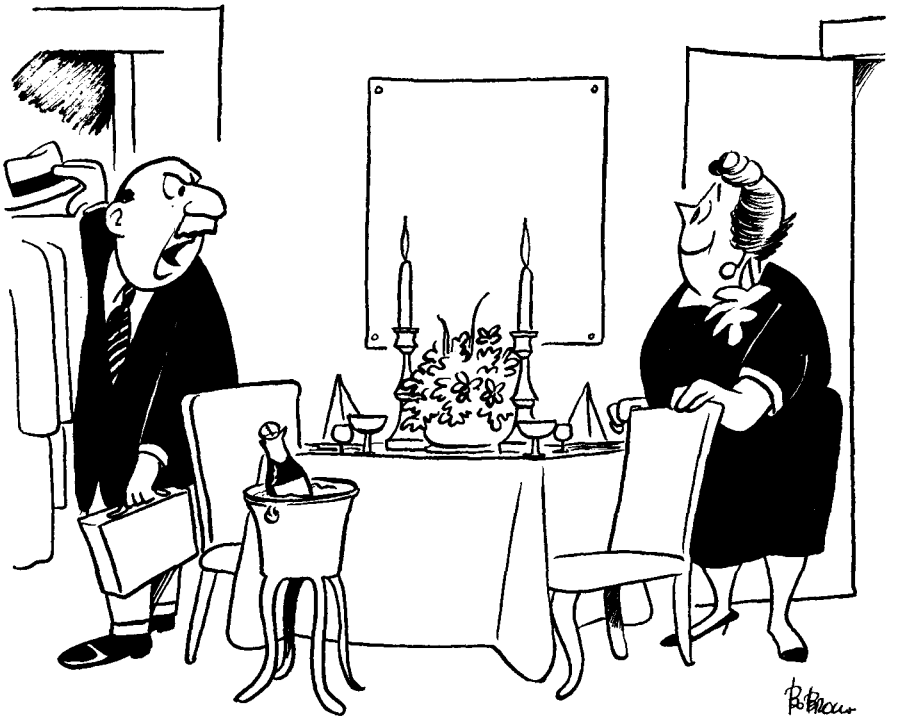
I thought there used to be some idea that peace and quiet was the normal thing, but in the last few years you can only believe that anybody can make all the noise he wants to.

I hope the comments in your editorial will find a sympathetic ear among public officials and anyone else who may have the power to make some constructive changes.

LOREN JACOBSON.
Littleton, Colo.

COUNT ON ME for the Anti-Background Music Crusade.

SARAH L. MORSE.
Amherst, Mass.



"What is this, a fertility rite?

THE LONELY ARTISTS

A GRAND AND glorious Amen to John Ciardi's "Open Letter to a Congressman" [*SR*, Jan. 12]. Unfortunately, Congressman Kearns will more than likely miss the point. It would appear that from an official point of view, at least, we have become a nation mainly interested in performers, rather than in composers and writers. We venerate the star and forget the author; we praise the director and neglect the script writer. We call the interpreter the artist and tend to forget the effort of the real artist who provided what is interpreted.

Perhaps Mr. Ciardi's thoughts will prompt officialdom to reorganize its thoughts—but I do not think they are likely to.

As Mr. Ciardi said, "the best thing government can do for the arts is to stay away from them." Certainly Congressman Kearns proved this. His own letter consisted mainly of a long list of names, which is a rather poor device for convincing anyone of anything.

JAMES G. LUTER, JR.
Los Angeles, Calif.

CONGRESSMAN KEARNS'S impressive list of names is a perfect example of what could be termed our cultural error or the twentieth-century neglect. Are there six creative artists in this array of some seventy-three names? Who will write the poetry, compose the music, paint the pictures, build the sculpture, create the ballet and drama. The artist who is never consulted?

Mr. Ciardi, your wish is granted. The government will leave the artist alone—as usual.

SEYMOUR TUBIS.
Upper Montclair, N.J.

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Lemmon Extract

OFF-SCREEN, Jack Lemmon is a slim, personable young man, exceedingly quick of mind and tongue. Recently, as a kind of parlor—or studio—stunt, he rattled off the words on a Teleprompter as it was racing backwards, and often in the midst of a conversation he will lapse into hilarious double-talk so adroitly that the listener is sure his ears are deceiving him. But Lemmon also has his serious side. Harvard educated, he is both willing and able to speak with forthright intelligence on matters topical, philosophical, or artistic. Essentially modest, he is one of the few actors to look upon acting as the job of interpreting an author's ideas rather than the more ego-gratifying task of "creating a character."

It is this serious side that emerges with such stunning force in **"Days of Wine and Roses,"** expanded by JP Miller from his memorable "Playhouse 90" TV show. Quite apart from Lemmon's performance, which is nothing short of brilliant, there is also the not unimportant fact that he found in this moving and terrifying study of alcoholism the ideal vehicle to carry him away from the light comedy roles with which he had so long been identified. Even though stars today dominate the industry as never before, producers must still turn to the studios for financing and a guarantee of distribution; and Martin Manulis beat on many a door with his Lemmon-Miller "package" before it was finally given berth, and birth, at Warners. It was obviously going to be a difficult picture, and studios that would be delighted to have Lemmon do another "Some Like It Hot" were dead set against his going dramatic on them. Lemmon has said that it took more than two years to get the production off the ground.

It was worth waiting for—for Lemmon, and for the film's potential audience as well. "Days of Wine and Roses" forces recognition of the fact that Lemmon is not only one of our ablest young comedians, but actually one of the screen's finest all-around performers. The picture begins on a light note, not unlike "The Apartment." Lemmon plays Joe, an aggressive public relations man whose functions include the not disagreeable chore of rounding up accessible blondes for his client's yachting parties. Drinking is part of the routine. The light tone remains as Joe mistakes the client's secretary, Lee Remick, for one of the party girls, then tries desperately—and amusingly—to make amends. Once they are married, however, the key changes. At first reluctant, she soon joins her husband on a swift toboggan to the depths of alcoholism.

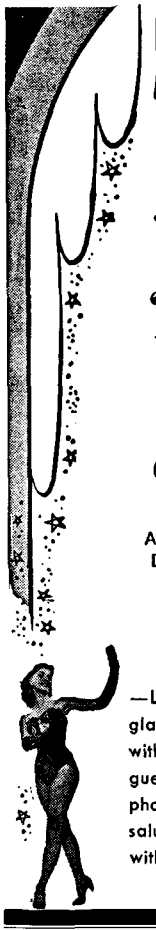
If all of this sounds just a little like "The Fatal Glass of Beer" (and Miss Remick's rapid conversion to the hard stuff is clearly the film's major dramatic flaw), the sheer terror of the scenes that follow removes all trace of irony. From charming people who simply drink too much, they become a pair of drunks who live only for alcohol. When Joe can no longer hold a job, they move to his father-in-law's nursery for a brief spell on the wagon—a spell broken by a bender of gargantuan proportions as Joe wrecks a greenhouse in frenzied search for the bottle he has hidden there. With his wife, he goes on one spree that lands him in a drying-out tank—a sequence as vivid and shocking as a glimpse into Hell.

AND when the girl, unable to stop drinking, unable to admit that she is an alcoholic, begs Joe to let her come back to him, the film poses a dilemma of terrifying consequence. Although Joe still loves his wife, he knows that with her he can never resist liquor. With her, he is doomed—and their child as well; but without Joe (despite the note of quiet optimism introduced at the very end), the wife is clearly marked for destruction. It is an agonizing moment, and Joe's ultimate decision is bound to be discussed by everyone who sees this picture.

And that is one of the strengths of the film. Under Blake Edwards's direction, Joe and Kirsten have been so attractively and sympathetically drawn that it becomes impossible to view their plight dispassionately. Wisely, the script picks them up far earlier than in the TV play, so that we meet them well before drink has begun to distort and destroy their lives. Also, Edwards (who last year directed "Breakfast at Tiffany's") has an excellent eye for *milieu*. His characters move through a world that not only looks but feels like reality. Whether a smart, crowded bar or a scabrous tenement flat, Edwards makes his settings seem as if they were discovered by the camera, not built for it.

But despite all this, and despite some telling performances by the supporting cast, "Days of Wine and Roses" re-

(*Continued on page 44*)



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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Gradually This Summer

OF ALL the plays Tennessee Williams has written, his latest is perhaps the most ambiguous and subliminal. **"The Milk Train Doesn't Stop Here Any More"** takes place on Italy's Divina Costiera where a wealthy old widow named "Sissy" Goforth is spending the summer writing her memoirs. Although her publisher has told her that these memoirs will be a brilliant social history of two continents in five decades and the most important study of the international set since Proust's "Remembrance of Things Past," the samples we hear would seem to be the very antithesis of that work. They are an unsorted flurry of social distractions recalled in frenzy and disorder by a woman who babbles them over a fantastic intercom system that enables her to dictate at any hour of the day or night to her harassed secretary from any location on her property.

But underneath this fantasia runs the very real fact that she is dying of cancer, and although she knows in her frightened heart that she is mortally ill, she fiercely pretends that it is neuralgia, and sublimates death's gradual theft of her life into outrage at the more petty robbery of her silver and jewelry by the servants.

Into her almost inaccessible villa, which is described as "a mountain gone mad," comes an improverished thirty-four-year-old poet and creator of mobiles, Chris Flanders. Ironically, he says that he has come there to regain his sense of reality. He appears on the surface to be an ex-gigolo determined to reform, and there runs through the play the suggestion that somehow the beautiful secretary, Blackie, will be the source of his salvation. For she is frenetic without her recently deceased husband, and Chris is a man who, unlike the majority who get panicky when they're not cared for by somebody, simply gets panicky when he has no one to care for.

This compulsion to seek out those who most need his attentions has led him into a recent series of relationships with elderly ladies who have died, and he has been maliciously nicknamed "the angel of death." He protests against this unfair appellation, but in truth he finds himself offering his unwanted kindness, understanding, and loving presence to another dying woman.

Unfortunately Mrs. Goforth is interested in him for a different reason. She wants him as a lover, and refuses even to let him stay on in her *oubliette* (a primitive hut on her property for guests she wants to forget) unless he cooperates. In dealing with life she holds all the cards, but in facing death Chris is more secure. She has "the Viking spirit in life," and he the more passive wisdom of the East. And the drama in the play must come through an understated conflict between this unmovable but frightened woman and this weak but unfrightened man.

However, one gathers that Mr. Williams is less interested in fulfilling the dramatic potential of his play than he is in creating the contemporary atmosphere of life as it is illuminated by the proximity of death. Through one of his characters he states his notion of the human condition, "All of us live in houses on fire, no way out, no fire department to call, just windows upstairs to look out of while fire burns the houses down with us locked, locked and trapped in it. But there are the upstairs windows, not big enough to crawl out of, just big enough to lean and look out of, and look and look and look, till we're almost nothing but looking, nothing, almost, but vision."

Under Herbert Machiz's direction the present production is visually rich. Jo Mielziner's poetic setting unifies and makes continuous a story told in a series of variously located arias and duets. Peter Hall's costumes reveal the symbolic essences of the characters. And Hermione Baddely's raucous portrait of Mrs. Goforth is unsparing in its willingness to present a cruel and unsympathetic surface. Like so many wealthy widows who have earned their wealth through a series of marriages to men they did not love and who are wooed for handouts by young men who despise them, Mrs. Goforth has removed herself from the sucker's list. The milk of human kindness has dried up, leaving her with only black coffee in her heart. And her life is strictly quid pro quo. She avoids the danger of being "used" by anyone at the cost of being loved by no one. Miss Baddely gives us this horror and absurdity skilfully and accurately.

Yet there is something more than this to Sissy. In private she has moments of remorse about her behavior. At the beginning of the play she breaks down to her tape recorder and admits, "The boss is dying this summer on the Divina Costiera under that angry old lion, the sun, under the—far away stars . . . My God, I'm crying, Blackie. For myself, I guess. Who else would cry for me, Blackie? I bet *nobody*." Then she

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pulls herself together and erases "that slobbery stuff" from the tape.

Regrettably, Mr. Williams has not given her very many such moments, and Miss Baddely has not, as Laurette Taylor did in "The Glass Menagerie," sustained an undercurrent of despair and loneliness which would make us pity her and which would make convincing the moment at the end of the play when she professes that her heart has been touched. Mr. Williams has made this problem tougher still by drawing Mrs. Goforth as a fairly hip character. Indeed, one suspects that both Sissy and Chris are at some moments types he has encountered and at others merely facets of himself in moments of anxiety.

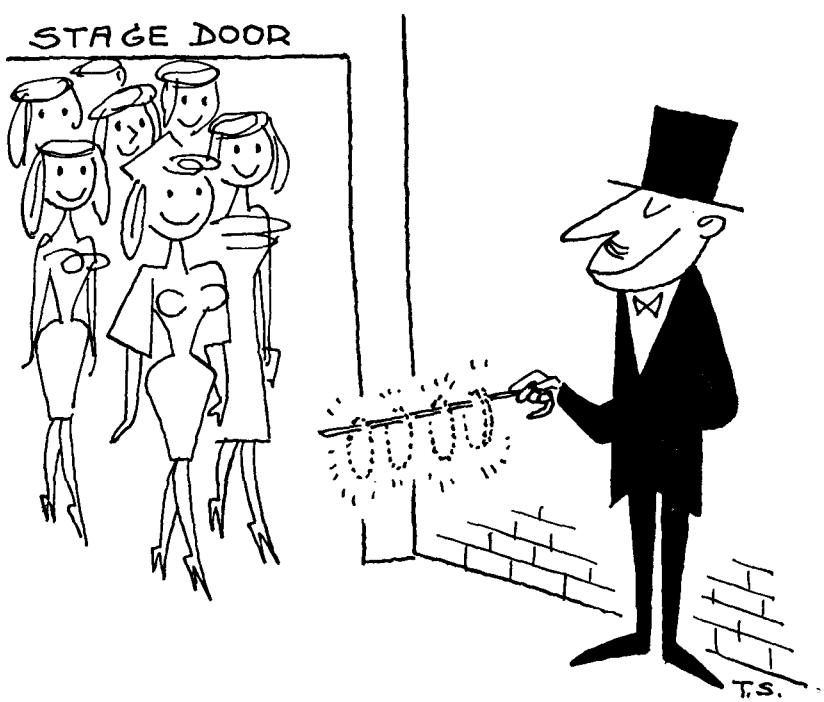
Paul Roebling, who plays Chris, has a similar problem. Mr. Roebling gives us the impression that Chris is a sincere and sensitive person incapable of folly or corruption. Might it not have been more appropriate for him to have portrayed the role as a man desperately trying to delude himself about an unsavory past he wants to forget in Mrs. Goforth's *oubliette*. Since Mrs. Goforth is a woman who believes that life is all remembering, this would have made another point of contrast between them.

Then at times one wonders if Chris is meant to be "the angel of death," even though he denies any supernatural affiliations. At one point, when he tells Mrs. Goforth he is going to Taormina, she asks the broke young carpenter of mobiles if he can walk on water, and one is even led to suspect that Chris is also a Christ-figure wandering through a wicked world to give solace to the dying. Chris seeks handouts of milk at milk stops, but he delivers spiritual milk there, too.

Consideration of these ambiguities and allusions is not necessary to a plot which contains nothing mysterious. On its simplest level, "The Milk Train Doesn't Stop Here Any More" is just accurate reporting of people we recognize. Yet the potential greatness of this work lies in its achievement of total human mystery in Chekhovian moments of communion suddely reached unintentionally by people moving in many directions. For some reason this production rushes right past these, although an occasional distant bell or strain of music reminds us that they were intended. Like people at a train stop we watch disappointedly as our train races by. The milk train turns out to be an unscheduled express.

THIS criticism is not meant to suggest that here is a great play ruined by a less than ideal interpretation, for there are many areas in this work left unexplored and unfulfilled by the author. The relationship between Chris and Blackie is one. The whole rotten Capri world represented by Vera Candotti is another. And Chris's past life seems never truly uncovered.

Perhaps none of these gaps would have mattered had we felt more kinship with Mrs. Goforth. And even as things stand, there is a great deal to appreciate. Sissy Goforth is as unforgettable a character as Big Daddy. And the evening tinkles with the great playwright's special brand of humor and poetic insight. At the very least, "The Milk Train Doesn't Stop Here Any More" must be classed as an important new member of the fascinating Williams menagerie worthy of our respect and of any future attention its author may find it possible to give it. —HENRY HEWES.



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Local Rivulets

"REPERTOIRE WORKSHOP" is a series of thirty-five half-hour television programs currently being presented over the owned and operated CBS Television stations in New York, Los Angeles, Chicago, Philadelphia, and St. Louis. Each of the five stations offers seven of its own programs in the series, along with the twenty-eight produced by the other four stations. This is an ambitious and worthwhile non-network enterprise undertaken by the CBS stations without advertising support; its objective is to encourage, expose, and help develop local talent.

I viewed five of the programs recently in an advance screening. Each program was an example of the effort of one of the five stations. WCBS in New York offered an original dance work; KNX in Los Angeles a musical revue; KMOX in St. Louis a dramatic narrative; WBBM in Chicago and WCAU in Philadelphia dramas.

"Reflections" is the title of the New York dance work, created by Norman Walker and performed by his company. The work, commissioned by WCBS, held this viewer's close attention with variations on a theme that seemed to symbolize masculine-feminine tensions within one person. The decor was tasteful and the camera work consistently supported the changing moods. "Who Tied the Can to Modern Man?" was the title of the Los Angeles revue, which relied heavily on Freud for its satirical humor but was brisk and often bright and amusing. "The Pawn," the St. Louis dramatic narrative, was based on the Dred Scott case and imaginatively staged in the Missouri Courthouse where the historic legal battle over slavery was actually fought. The program had dignity, interest, even solemnity, although the songs sung by the choir were never truly unified with the narrative spoken by Marc Hannibal.

"Crawling Arnold," a production of the Philadelphia station in cooperation with the University of Pennsylvania, was the more interesting of the two dramas. The play is a one-acter, originally written for the stage by Jules Feiffer, the talented, dour cartoonist who draws with a nonconformist viewpoint in his syndicated strip. It is a farcical satire about a grown man "who asserts his individuality by crawling like a baby at home." Out of the basic situation the author spins abrasive lines on such controversial matters as fallout shelters, race relations, and social workers. The result, unfortunately, is a cartoon which cannot be sustained in three dimensions, a series of verbal jokes by characters who may be deliberately unrealistic. The unorthodoxy of Mr. Feiffer's sallies, which may have justified tweaking the calm of orthodox television, requires expert playing in a highly stylized manner. Actually, it was literally, limpingly played and awkwardly directed. "If I Should Die," the Chicago drama program, is an original half-hour play written by Peggy Kent and Ginny Blair, two Chicago collaborators whose local talent was displayed once before by WBBM in a repertoire theatre series in 1961.

This new play was better than their first effort—a development which bears out the purpose of the workshop—although the ladies are still dealing in broad melodrama. Rasputin, the notorious monk of the last Czar's Russia, is lured by conspirators to a secret rendezvous with a beautiful woman, an is then poisoned and shot. It is a weakness of the brief drama that the authors had no time to prove Rasputin's evil influence over the Romanoffs in action. This was talked about, but the only on-camera warranty for his murder was his drunken lechery with mesmerized beauties. The play could be an adequate television thriller, but here, as in the Feiffer piece, the acting undid it. Val Bettin, as Rasputin, considerably overstated the monk's robust peasant qualities and the director held him in no restraint.

The producers at all five CBS stations report that there seems to be plenty of performing talent around but that writers of television drama are scarce. A performer who earns his living at another trade can afford to give off-job hours to television rehearsals. Writing an original drama for television, on the other hand, requires time and energy which most aspirants cannot afford. There may be one more reason, however, for the scarcity of new television dramatists. Available models help shape the work of all writers. Network television drama furnishes formula models. Debilitated tastes may be re vealed when local talent is exposed. The mainstreams of television should look to the local rivulets for new life, but the fountainhead should not be surprised when the tributaries reflect its own image.

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Pianists Block and Lhevinne—Singers of the Week

IF LIFE is kind to Michel Block and he endures to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of his debut with the New York Philharmonic, he will still be years short of the other pianist who was soloist with the orchestra for the first time in the same week.

That, in a capsule, is the measure of the achievement of Rosina Lhevinne, widow of the eminent Josef, who goes on adding to her career at an age (eighty-two) when most musicians prefer an armchair to the piano bench.

For Block this was a debut a year delayed, in the opinion of those who considered him outstanding among the pianists who reached the finals of the Leventritt Competition in 1961. Unhappily, this did not include the jury, which decided not to designate a winner. Undeterred, Block entered again the following year and this time was not only the unofficial but the official choice. His Philharmonic debut was among the winner's rewards.

Unlike most predecessors, Block (born in Belgium twenty-four years ago of French parents who moved shortly afterward to Mexico, where he was reared) presented himself not in Tchaikovsky, Prokofiev, or Liszt, but in the D major Concerto (K.537) of Mozart. Block honored his choice not only with a fluent, easily articulated sound suitable to Mozart, but also with a youthful sophisticate's awareness of sense and mood. Of particular appeal were Block's grasp of the work's harmonic discursions and his ability to produce a first-movement cadenza of his own which suited exactly the place assigned to it by the composer. One could argue with a phrasing here, a little roughness of statement there, but the total of it was closely integrated with Leonard Bernstein's clearly defined direction in a wholly Mozartian way.

Mme. Lhevinne's performance of the Chopin E minor would have been remarkable merely for the assurance and agility with which she commands the keyboard, a model for many who have profited from her teaching. But there was much more than a surface to this shining accomplishment; lyric grace in the first movement, an elegant kind of sentiment in the second, and real vivacity in the "Cracovienne" rhythmic patterns of the finale. Unquestionably, the surroundings were more a challenge to her composure than those others (Hunter College, Town Hall, etc.) in which she has been heard during recent years, and the score before her was as much a distraction as a reliance. Consequently there was more than a scattering of wrong notes. But the right ones made a pattern of thought and coordination that might be envied by many who are decades younger. Leonard Bernstein's program was made, otherwise, of Peter Mennin's "Moby Dick," the Martinu Concerto for String Quartet (Juilliard) and Orchestra, and Ravel's "La Valse."

Roberta Peters's opportunity to sing Zerbinetta in the Metropolitan's new production of Strauss's "Ariadne" came somewhat sooner than expected when Gianna d'Angelo reported ill in mid-January. The benefits to the production were predominantly dramatic, for Miss Peters's sense of comedy is sure, her touch light, and she adds a seasoning of spice to the mixture that is much in its conception. Vocally she gets about with ease and assurance, but the big aria ("Grossmaechtige Prinzessin") carries her to a range in which she becomes all but inaudible. The cast, and hence the results, were much as before, save that Sándor Kónya rather than Jess Thomas was the Bacchus.

The next evening's attraction was also Strauss, a "Rosenkavalier" that strained the credulity more than ordinarily as Rosalind Elias performed Octavian for the first time. The music lies well for her and she sings much of it with warm, beautifully focused sound. However, there is no known way for Miss Elias to disguise her physique sufficiently to suggest the Marschallin's impetuous young lover, and she lacks the skill in acting to overcome nature's generosity. Presumably this should be equalized in the stretches of the role where she plays the youth disguised as the servant girl Mariandl, but there was a stress on mugging and flouncing which tended to make the deception silly rather than entertaining. What Lorin Maazel did to beat Strauss's creamy score into a froth of sound put this "Rosenkavalier" cast (Lisa Della Casa was the Marschallin, Otto Edelmann the Ochs) at a disadvantage from the start.

The benefits of having two such able artists of French schooling as Rita Gorr and Régine Crespin at the Metropolitan were reaped in the concert hall as well as in the opera house in a week that provided such uncommon experiences as Massenet's "La Navarraise" and Spontini's "La Vestale." The former was a part of the continuing series of French programs conducted by Robert Lawrence in Carnegie Hall, which is building on the esteem quickly earned to announce an even more elaborate sequence for next year. The interesting revival of Massenet in a dramatic mood not usually associated with him was prefaced by an hour of Berlioz, which provided the high artistry of Cesare Valletti in the "Nuits d'Eté." These are commonly considered the property of a soprano, but the texts actually suit a male singer more than a female. As usual, transpositions were required to bring the musical line within range of a single voice, but it was the transporting results that merited the effort. Berlioz's rather mundane "Reverie and Caprice" permitted David Montagu to demonstrate an extraordinary dexterity in the French violin style.

Crespin's command of the text as well as the music made her Julia a characterization to remember, but there was not much else of quality in the concert version of Spontini's best-known work, limply directed by Thomas Scherman. This is a score that demands breadth, boldness, and dramatic impulse, too much of which was left wanting by lack of coordination between the singers at stage right and the orchestra at stage left. If, as is stated, the pit at Philharmonic Hall is ready for use, why not use it? The present arrangement is awkward at best and, at worst, disastrous. Ara Berberian as the Chief Priest and Mary Davenport as La Vestale were the best of the associated performers.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

Crespin's Senta

THE Metropolitan's second "Fliegende Hollaender" of the season was so polished that it made the first seem like a good dress rehearsal in comparison. (To those familiar with the Met's rehearsal schedule, this observation may not seem as facetious as it sounds.) Much of the upgrading, however, was due to Régine Crespin's first Senta anywhere, which proved most remarkable for the intelligent and realistic self-appraisal behind it. By nature, the soprano's weight—both physical and vocal—hardly suggests the innocent child Wagner imagined. But everything about her control of these variables provided that illusion. Crespin realizes the power of economy in movement and gesture, just as she knows the value of a carefully designed costume. An even greater asset lies in her complete vocal security. One may argue that the occasionally edgy top tones, typical of French sopranos, represent a technical blemish. Weighed in context, however, they scarcely diminish the impact of so purposeful a first effort.

—MARTIN BERNHEIMER.

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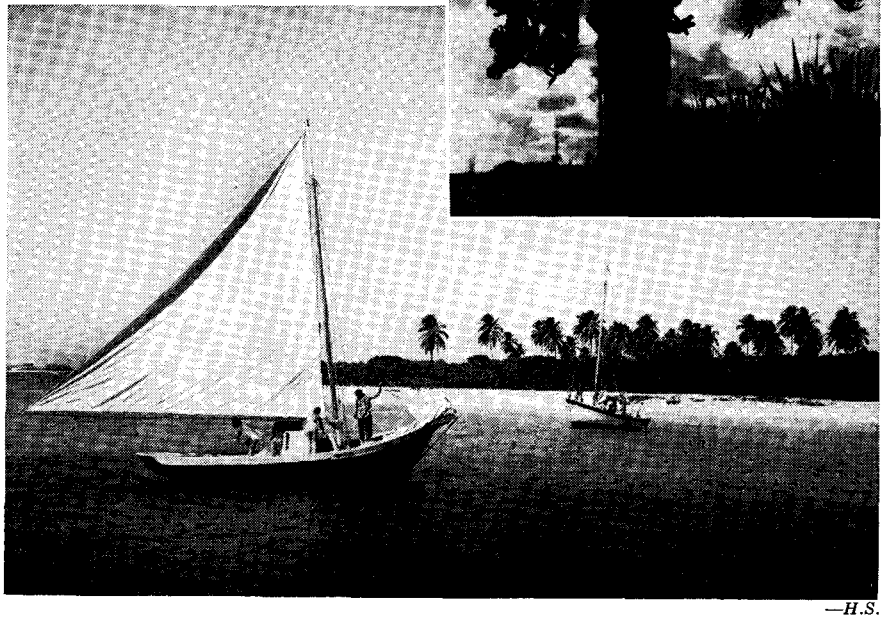
Getting a Charge Up San Juan Hill

IT SEEMS, ah but the shortest of times ago that I was marveling over the tropical beauties of the new airport at San Juan, the spacious halls, the sensible ramps, the artful pools growing with reeds, all of which had risen while we were still landing and taking off in the slum conditions that existed in New York, Los Angeles, and Washington. It was therefore with some surprise that I chanced to read, in the plane buzzing over from Miami to Puerto Rico the other afternoon, that the airport was already too small, and that a board was looking into the possibility of expanding it.

I must say, once we were on the ground at San Juan, that the overcrowding became immediately apparent, not to say oppressive, and I was swept up in a swirl of surging humanity—sunburned surgers running against the tide of pallid arrivals, but both following porters pushing handcarts piled with baggage. Dancing through these processions came whole troupes of Puerto Ricans who, should a fourth cousin, twice removed, be flying off to Mayaguez an hour away, are by custom inspired to descend on the terminal in busloads dressed to the ruddy nines for the farewell ceremonies.

My own arrival was abetted by a coterie which, as I contemplate it now, was only slightly smaller. It included a professional greeter from Pan American Airways, which, since it had accepted my money, felt obliged to see me right to the door, by a female flack from the Condado Beach Hotel where I was to stay, by an American Express agent impressed into service by the hotel, and by a representative from the limousine company who had been importuned to act as his assistant. Between them all they managed to direct my elderly frame into a taxi, albeit without my writing machine, out of which I had somehow been flimflammed as I was being passed among all these helping hands. If the words seem to come now with more labor, it is because I have since discovered the pencil. It is easy to store, the overweight on airplanes is negligible, and if you lose one the insurance company doesn't even care.

The cab driver, who, for reasons I didn't altogether understand, had elected to make the trip for a flat fee only slightly higher than what the meter would have run, eased his way slowly into the line that was making its way to the *porte-cochère* at the Condado Beach. Some 4,000 people seemed to be on hand celebrating the opening of a new wing which had been appended to the hotel at a cost of $3,500,000.



—*H.S.*

Sailboat coming up on Cayo Icacos; inset, Puerto Rican crabman.

The odd half-million, one could only assume, would take care of the evening's expenses. I dropped my bags in my brand-new Spanish colonial room, descended to the public halls, and as soon as an opening appeared in the human phalanx, I made for it and slipped over to Trader Vic's, which had been planted, since I was here last, in the basement of the Hilton's garden wing. With my lungs full of sweet Caribbean air, and my eyes filled with arts of Polynesia that adorned the walls, I needed only a few random tropical sounds to transport my soul into lotus land. Alas, a chorus at a large table nestling under the shark's jawbone, the Samoan kava bowls, and the hanging outriggers, was singing Mr. Alan Sherman's "Sarah Jackman" from the album "My Son the Folk Singer." Had Mr. Sherman himself been present, I have no doubt the choir would have been at work on that traditional Hawaiian numbers, "Sweet Salami" ("heavenly odor . . ."), while sipping a fancy rum potion heavily laced with Dr. Brown's Celery Tonic.

In the days to follow I made a number of excursions through new and old San Juan, the first of which, in deference to my hosts, took me through the hallowed halls of the Condado, now, happily enough, free of well-wishers. I was rather surprised to learn that the establishment, where I had never before engaged a room, had been built back in 1919 as a shelter for passengers from the Vanderbilt ships who felt they might welcome a day of firmness underfoot. It was, at the time, the only resort hotel in San Juan. For that matter, it was, save for the bizarre Normandie and the Pan American Guest House, the only resort hotel in town when I first landed here in 1947. I still remember vividly the acres of silver chairs which glittered in its ballroom. The only thing that startled me more on that first trip to Puerto Rico was the Normandie's swimming pool, perched as it was in the center of the lobby under the rooms that rose in tiers above it. Pan American built its guest house to accommodate its crew and passengers in proper comfort.

Those times had long since fled Puerto Rico. The Condado, always a favorite among the Puerto Riqueños themselves, now has a Patio del Fauno —a glass-enclosed garden room—an underground parking lot, and a lighted tennis court. Its bar has been stretched to the very limits of the sea, which cracks so close to the cocktail tables that you feel, when sitting down to sip a martini, you ought to be wearing a snorkel.

For reasons that may be clear to you but elude me completely, financial

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people measure time in fiscal years that end with June. Puerto Rico's economic administrator has come up with the figure that during fiscal 1962, which ended in June and is not to be confused with the Chinese Year of the Tiger, which ended in January, 268 manufacturing plants were established on the island, seventy of them to be financed by local capital. The travel people, who, thanks be, measure their years like anyone else, except perhaps the Chinese and the Jews, have noted that there will be 6,000 rooms in Puerto Rico by the end of 1963. Although only about 65,000 visitors came to the island during the years when the Condado had silver chairs, 450,000 come now.

Despite its discovery, there are endless rural byways in Puerto Rico where few tourists have yet trod. One morning a friend took me out toward the airport, but instead of staying on the main highway that would have taken us down to Luquillo Beach and to Fajardo, we took the coast road, a dirt pathway lined with palm trees, dotted with thatched huts, and inhabited by black Puerto Ricans descended from runaway slaves. At the end of this stretch of displaced coastal Africa one can normally cross a river called, rather majestically, the Rio Grande de Loíza. There is no bridge at this point, but some enterprising rivermen pole an elaborate raft back and forth, carrying cars, horses, goats, and people. Should, heaven forfend, the poleman lose his pole, I'm not exactly sure what would keep the whole misbegotten ark from skittering out into the Atlantic a few yards to the north. As it happened, I was never to chance it. The captain of the craft, casting a weather eye at the swollen river and the mud on shore, decided not to risk a crossing with cars. Rather than go all the way back to San Juan, my companion, a bold Puerto Rican, drove off cross-country, occasionally following cane cutters' train tracks, now and then running rather precariously along the steep, slippery bank of the river, until at last we were back on tarred surface.

The ferry to Loíza Aldea leads not merely to the other side, but, as practiced Puerto Ricans know, it leads to the famed open-air crab restaurants where the portions and the prices are designed for cane cutters. At tables under the mango trees one orders *salmarejo de jueyes*, crab meat which has been taken out of the shell, mixed with a sharp sauce, and then served with boiled plantains; or *empanada de jueyes*, green plantains mixed with flour and made into a sort of stuffed crab pancake. There are *jueyes hervidos*, boiled crabs, and also crabs and rice, which are dusted with green peas and red peppers. Both at Richard's, a

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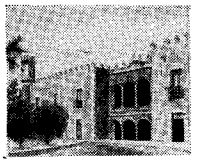

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yellow building embossed with beer signs, and Parilla's, perhaps a bit more urbane, with its thatched hut and gingham-patterned oilcloth tables, you pick your own crab out of a long trough and, once it's cooked, eat it to the serenade of a juke box croaking Puerto Rican love songs.

Luquillo Beach is rarely visited by the tourists who park themselves along the sands of the Caribe Hilton and the Condado and La Concha next door. Unlike those civilized preserves, there is no hotel to cast early-afternoon shadows on its broad sands. The government has done a speedy job in decorating the premises with landscaping, and with restaurants and locker rooms that melt noiselessly into the foliage. The coconut palms have been planted in orderly avenues and, in some shady places, run down to the water's edge. The whole beach swings out in a soft curve, making a great green bay in which to swim. The beach ends at a point that is fuzzy with Australian pines, with the great hulk of El Yunque, the mountain rain forest rising behind it, its head, as always, lost in the clouds. Although the setting could scarcely be more inviting, and the picnic tables stand waiting alongside the artful rows of cultivated almond trees, the beach is largely deserted in winter, for most Puerto Ricans can scarcely think of swimming in a month equipped with an R. It seems to make no difference that the temperature is 82.

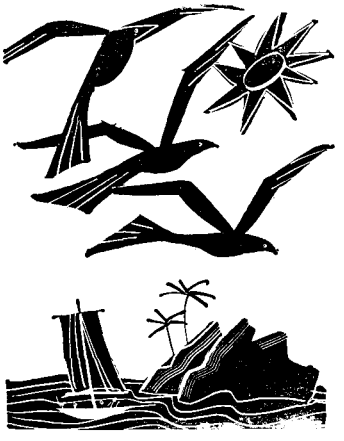
Stumbling onward to Puerto Rico's eastern shore, we decided to stop for lunch at El Conquistador, a new hotel that opened last summer and was entering its first winter season. It turned out to be an absolute gem of exquisite taste and imagination that seems to have been fitted, ever so gingerly, across the top of a rolling hill looking off to sea. The dining room, cast out on a hillock of its own and reached by a gangplank that is illumined at night by hidden fluorescence, is a sort of fancy yet genteel crows' nest. Looking out over the tableware, one is startled to see not only a whole archipelago of Puerto Rican islands scattered below but also, in the distance, St. Thomas and Tortola in the Virgin Islands. Just below, broiling in the sun, is the fishing village of Las Croabas, from which one can rent a native sailboat, an ideal craft for playing among the handy islands. The hotel sends its own guests down to the beach in a funicular, of all things, and there is to be, up on the heights, when all the jobs are done, bowling on the green, and an eighteen-hole putting course that ranges over three terraces. As for the decor, it is delicate and splendid, and I must put in a word for the magnificent rugs that lie in great gorgeous tufts panting with color. They are made in Puerto Rico by an artisan with the rather un-Latin handle of Thaddeus V'Soske, whose rug works is located in Vega Baja on the north shore.

Islands are for exploring, and I was, I must say, so captivated by the view from the Conquistador's heights that I was back the next day for more detailed explorations. The boat we had engaged from Bahía las Cabezas chugged around to pick us up at the Playa de Fajardo, a suitably messy port village from which the ferry sails for Vieques and the Calderone Line steams out for the Virgin Islands. Push-cart peddlers broiled quietly in the sun, the pink post office was locked and silent. Plenty of activity, however, swirled about the ancient building known as the Hotel-Bar Restaurant Delicias. Held together by the iron grip of its green lacy balcony, the hotel bar puts up a tasty lunch of octopus salad, meat and rice, or pickled hot dogs which, like lazy fish in an aquarium, float in a great glass jar atop the bar. For the picnicker it stocks wrapped sandwiches, frozen lobsters to be broiled on some distant island beach, plantain chips to supplement the cocktail hour, and pies stuffed with island pineapple.

Our boat, named the *Seven Sailors*, nudged up to the dock, albeit with only two sailors on board, and we were shortly off in the royal yacht in search of the neighborhood Mykonos, some undiscovered Crete, a new Delos as yet unfound. We turned first into the Isleta Marina, which had been pretty well discovered since its wharves were jammed with parked yachts. It would soon have a coffee shop. Cayo Icacos had been discovered, too, but it was still uninhabited except by day trippers such as us who sidle up to it in sailboats and go over the side for a swim or picnic on its long and pleasant beach framed by sea grape and palmetto. There were signs of life on Lobos, long a private island whose main obligation was to support the summer plantation house of the Fullana family, a wealthy clan that made its money in the construction business. Now the Fullanas are about to open it to the public, who will come to seek island quiet in its newly built efficiency apartments, who will promenade along the pathway that has been laid along its vertebra of offshore rocks, who will probe its natural submarine gardens, swim in its natural pools, push off for island excursions in Fullana-supplied whaleboats, all at family prices.

We came nosing around Isla Palominos, which is privately owned, a mountainous island celebrated for the birds that nest in its hills and the lobsters that lurk in the rocks off its northeast shore. And finally we came up, in the waning afternoon, on Isla Palominitos, a tiny spit which is little more than a beach afloat in the blue. We shared the turquoise sea and the lonely sand with the occupants of a sailboat, and turned back in the dusk for Playa de Fajardo, where the lights were on in the Hotel-Bar Restaurant Delicias. We headed up to the heights to have dinner at El Conquistador and to look out, from the glass walls of its bar, to the string of islands we had just explored. And then I headed home to San Juan to my Spanish nest at the Condado, where if a seventeen-piece band played "Siboney" in my ear I might have smiled agreeably, if indeed I would have been aware of it at all.

—Horace Sutton.



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Pennsylvania Pantheon

By GRANVILLE HICKS

ALTHOUGH John Updike is only thirty, "**The Centaur**" (Knopf, $4) is his sixth book and his third novel. Like the preceding novels, "The Poorhouse Fair" and "Rabbit, Run," and like some of his short stories, it is laid in Pennsylvania, presumably in the neighborhood of his native Shillington. Unlike the earlier novels, but like several stories, it has a large autobiographical element. Unlike anything he has previously written, it exists on two levels—the realistic and the mythological.

Realistically, it is the story of a fifteen-year-old boy, Peter Caldwell, and his father, George Caldwell, who teaches science at the Olinger High School. We see much of the life of the school—classrooms, swimming meet, basketball game—and something of the town in which it is located. There are many fine scenes, none finer than the account of a paralyzing snowstorm. But at the center is always George Caldwell, an earnest teacher, loved and laughed at by his students, an affectionate and self-sacrificing father, a generous, harassed, eccentric man. We have three days in his life and his son's, typical days and yet critical.

Peter and his father, however, are not merely people who lived in a Pennsylvania town in 1947; they are Prometheus, the bringer of fire to mankind, and Chiron, the wise and gentle centaur, instructor to heroes, who gave up his burdensome immortality for Prometheus's sake. More than that, every character in the book is to be identified with some figure in Greek mythology. Zeus is a school principal, Hephaestus a garage operator, Apollo a country doctor, Hermes a bum. Among Peter's schoolmates are Daedalus, Io, Pandora, Hercules.

Updike tells the story in an ingenious and beautifully varied fashion. After a chapter in which we move mysteriously from Olinger to Olympus and back again, with a centaur pawing through the halls of a modern-day high school, we have a chapter of first-person narrative, Peter speaking from the perspective of the present. Peter's narrative periodically recurs, but meanwhile there is a superb account of Chiron in Arcady; the obituary of George Caldwell, written in amateur journalese; a kind of dream sequence, and a long passage in the third person. At the end Chiron and Caldwell again merge.

No one should need to be told at this point that Updike has a mastery of language to be matched in our time only by the finest poets. I have spoken of the dazzling chapter about Chiron and his pupils, but let me take, to prove my point, a description of a garage:

> A deep warm darkness was lit by sparks. The floor of the grotto was waxed black by oil drippings. At the far side of the long workbench, two shapeless men in goggles caressed a great downward-drooping fan of flame broken into dry drops. Another man, staring upward out of round eyesockets white in a black face, rolled by on his back and disappeared beneath the body of a car. His eyes adjusting to the gloom, Caldwell saw heaped about him overturned fragments of automobiles, fragile and phantasmal, fenders like corpses of turtles, bristling engines like disembodied hearts. Hisses and angry thumps lived in the mottled air.

A man who can write like this is, clearly, a man capable of dealing justly with mythology, but the question is why Updike wanted to. Anglo-Saxon writers from Chaucer on have retold the Greek myths and the Norse myths and the Arthurian legends and other legends, and each writer has made of traditional material something that had special meaning for his age. But it is only the modern writer, I think, who has told a story of his own times that could be assimilated to myth or legend. Joyce's "Ulysses" is the great example, with Eliot's "The Waste Land," so endlessly allusive, a powerful influence. One remembers a few recent American examples: Frederick Buechner retelling the story of Philomela in "A Long Day's Dying"; Bernard Malamud echoing the legend of Sir Percival in "The Natural"; J. F. Powers alluding, rather obscurely, to the Arthurian saga in "Morte D'Urban." Updike, then, is by no means alone.

It is to be noted that he has used mythology in two ways: in the first place, he has retold the myth of Chiron, as other authors have retold other myths; but then he has gone on to find a mythological parallel for every character in the story—or, perhaps one has to say, to find a contemporary parallel for every god in the pantheon. This second device, whatever it may add to the novel, is a serious distraction. As I began the book, I recognized that some of the characters were intended to suggest gods and heroes, but I did not take this very seriously until I stumbled on the mythological index in the back. From then on, of course, I began asking myself, "Who is this, who is that?" and the questions did interfere with my appreciation of the book. Now I have gone back over it with the characters identified and I have taken pleasure in it; but Updike risks a lot when he invites his readers either to play a guessing game or to keep turning back to the index.

At best, I feel, the value of the mythological parallel is speculative. Eliot used mythological allusions effectively to underline the sterility of our era, but Updike, so far as I can see, is not disparaging our age in comparison with the age of myth. If his human beings are not particularly godlike, neither, it has to be pointed out, are his gods. At one point Aphrodite ticks them off: "a prating bluestocking, a filthy crone smelling of corn, a thieving tramp, a drunken queer, a despicable, sad, grimy, grizzled, cuckolded tinker," and describes herself as "a born whore." What Updike seems to be saying is that gods and men are pretty much of a kind, and though that is an interesting point, I don't know how much it adds to our understanding of either.

THE GREAT test of the mythological method is in Updike's treatment of the relationship of Peter and his father. Do we really know Peter any better because he is supposed to be Prometheus? Have we a deeper understanding of George because he is Chiron? Is George's sacrifice any more moving because it is identified with the centaur's? It seems to me that the situation is beautifully rendered strictly in terms of the present. You could leave Chiron out of it altogether and George would still be a magnificent character. Updike's skill in moving between realism and myth is impressive, and the Chiron passages adorn the novel, but its great value rests on the author's insight into Peter and especially George as human beings. With that insight he could have made as strong an impact if he hadn't alluded to a single myth.

I have dwelt on the use of mythology because it is interesting to see what so skilful a writer can do with it, but I don't want to leave the impression that, because the mythological method is not wholly successful, the novel is a failure. It is a brilliant achievement. We expect much from Updike, and we have every right to, for he is incredibly gifted; but if this is not the towering novel for which we are hoping, it is a book to be thankful for.

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Freedom Is an Unfinished Business

—*From "The Emancipation Proclamation."*

"Now if you don't come down, I'll cut the tree from under you."

"The Emancipation Proclamation," by John Hope Franklin *(Doubleday. 181 pp. $3.50), and* ***"The Fire Next Time," by James Baldwin*** *(Dial. 128 pp. $3.50), sum up what the historic edict accomplished in its first hundred years and what remains to be done. Father John LaFarge, S.J. has written several books and many articles on the problem of Negro-white relations.*

By JOHN LAFARGE

NEXT to the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution, the Emancipation Proclamation is the most sacred of our nation's historic documents. In certain ways it is also the most imperfectly understood.

The Proclamation did not come forth on January 1, 1863, by a sudden stroke of President Lincoln's pen. The President pieced it together, sentence by sentence, day by day, in the Presidential telegraph office, with anxious weighing of lofty motives against a probable effect upon the shifting fortunes of a terrible internecine war. Not until the Union had won its decisive victory at Antietam on September 22, 1862, did President Lincoln feel free to declare his intention to set, at the opening of the coming year, the enslaved Negroes in the States under Union control "thenceforth and forever free." The first draft of the document that declared this intention is lost, but a second draft along with the January 1 Proclamation, is in honored public custody.

Professor Franklin's book is a concise, straightforward, and definitive story of the great Proclamation: what it meant for our country at its issuance, and what it means today. "The Emancipation Proclamation" is a factual estimate, not a fervid oration, but it swings its weight all the more by its sober language. The author, chairman of the History Department at Brooklyn College, is taking a year's leave of absence to fill the chair of William Pitt Professor of American History and Institutions at Cambridge University. His latest work follows the course he already laid down in his earlier, magisterial "From Slavery to Freedom."

LINCOLN, says Dr. Franklin, "wrote the Emancipation Proclamation under severe psychological handicaps." He had to work within the existing constitutional system, and this "required not only courage and daring but considerable ingenuity as well." Lincoln's tragic death cut short his cautious and farseeing

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WHITE Americans find it as difficult as white people elsewhere do to divest themselves of the notion that they are in possession of some intrinsic value that black people need, or want. And this assumption – which, for example, makes the solution to the Negro problem depend on the speed with which Negroes accept and adopt white standards—is revealed in all kinds of striking ways, from Bobby Kennedy's assurance that a Negro can become President in forty years to the unfortunate tone of warm congratulation with which so many liberals address their Negro equals. It is the Negro, of course, who is presumed to have become equal —an achievement that not only proves the comforting fact that perseverance has no color but also overwhelmingly corroborates the white man's sense of his own value. . . .

The American Negro has the great advantage of having never believed that collection of myths to which white Americans cling; that their ancestors were all freedom-loving heroes, that they were born in the greatest country the world has ever seen, or that Americans are invincible in battle and wise in peace, that Americans have always dealt honorably with Mexicans and Indians and all other neighbors or inferiors, that American men are the world's most direct and virile, that American women are pure. Negroes know far more about white Americans than that; it can almost be said, in fact, that they know about white Americans what parents—or, anyway, mothers—know about their children, and that they very often regard white Americans that way. And perhaps this attitude, held in spite of what they know and have endured, helps to explain why Negroes, on the whole, and until lately, have allowed themselves to feel so little hatred. The tendency has really been, insofar as this was possible, to dismiss white people as the slightly mad victims of their own brainwashing.

The treatment accorded the Negro during the Second World War marks, for me, a turning point in the Negro's relation to America. To put it briefly, and somewhat too simply, a certain hope died, a certain respect for white Americans faded. One began to pity them, or to hate them. You must put yourself in the skin of a man who is wearing the uniform of his country, is a candidate for death in its defense, and who is called a "nigger" by his comrades-in-arms and his officers; who is almost always given the hardest, ugliest, most menial work to do; who knows that the white G.I. has informed the Europeans that he is subhuman (so much for the American male's sexual security); who does not dance at the U.S.O. the night white soldiers dance there, and does not drink in the same bars white soldiers drink in; and who watches German prisoners of war being treated by Americans with more human dignity than he has ever received at their hands. And who, at the same time, as a human being, is far freer in a strange land than he has ever been at home. *Home!* The very word begins to have a despairing and diabolical ring. You must consider what happens to this citizen, after all he has endured, when he returns—home: search, in his shoes, for a job, for a place to live; ride, in his skin, on segregated buses; see, with his eyes, the signs saying "White" and "Colored," . . . look into the eyes of his wife; look into the eyes of his son; listen, with his ears, to political speeches, North and South; imagine yourself being told to "wait." . . .

—From "The Fire Next Time," by James Baldwin.

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plans for the rehabilitation of the slaves in a largely hostile world and for rational compensation to their impoverished owners. Years of confusion and degradation that culminated in the American Negro's nadir at the beginning of the present century preceded the turn of events that followed the historic U.S. Supreme Court decision of May 17, 1954.

James Baldwin's "The Fire to Come" expresses in downright, earthy language what American Negroes experience in a predominantly white community that even yet only vaguely and partially grasps the deep meaning of the Emancipation Proclamation. "Every American Negro," says Mr. Baldwin, "risks having the gates of paranoia close on him. In a society that is entirely hostile, and, by its nature, seems determined to cut you down . . . it begins to be almost impossible to distinguish a real from a fancied injury."

Mr. Baldwin takes advantage of current interest in the Black Muslim movement to make some vital points in his thesis regarding Negro-white antagonisms. With sympathy and discretion, but also with complete disillusionment as to the movement's workability, he describes the Black Muslim's distinguished leader, Elijah Muhammad. The traditional lineaments of other great "enthusiast" movements, past and present, appear here: simplified moral reform, feminine leader-worship, etc.

The loser in this struggle is in every case the white American. America could have used in other ways the energy both groups have expended in the conflict. If Negroes "could accept ourselves *as we are*, we might bring new life to the Western achievements, and transform them." "The price of the liberation of the white people," Baldwin insists, "is the liberation of the blacks—the total liberation, in the cities, in the towns, before the law, and in the mind."

Arguing from his previous unhappy spiritual experiences, and from the mistakes of religious people past and present, the author pays a sort of Existential homage to death. One wonders why he is so hard on the Apostle Paul, whose stormy career was dedicated to a transracial and transnational concept of love—love on the wide and practical scale—that is not so unlike the ideal commended by Mr. Baldwin.

But the author's private views need not close our eyes to his firm, sound stand on the ground of our common humanity, our desperate need of one another. Would that his compelling words might be generally accepted before the fire of racial conflict is allowed to destroy the unfinished business of Emancipation's second century!

The South Speaks Softly

"We Dissent: A Symposium," edited by Hoke Norris *(St. Martin's Press. 201 pp. $4.95), offers a cross section of opinion among some "moderate" antisegregationists. Lillian Smith, author of "Killers of the Dream," frequently appraises books on the South for SR.*

By LILLIAN SMITH

THE TITLE of this book is puzzling, for the point of view it registers is now held by the majority of Southerners. We may draw a circle around Mississippi along with perhaps Alabama and South Carolina, in which states the position of writers who take a stand against mobs and the Klan, against lynching and closed schools is still controversial. But in other Southern states the majority of the people have moved ahead, as the recent elections in Georgia proved so dramatically.

Things have changed since Mr. Norris lived in the South. We are no longer in a deep sleep; many writers, clergymen, professors, journalists, businessmen, and even politicians have learned the facts of American and international life. This book is ten years late.

It is a pity that Mr. Norris felt he must pander to anti-Semitism and anti-Catholicism in order to persuade people to listen. He states that he has asked only Southern white Protestants to take part in this colloquium. This means he has eliminated the Jewish Harry Golden and that brilliant Southerner John Howard Griffin, who is a Catholic. But is Mr. Norris quite candid? He has also eliminated a passel of Southern white Protestants, some of whom are better known than the writers he chose. Why? I cannot speak for him, but as I studied his choices it became obvious that he had eliminated every S.W.P. who had taken a clear position against segregation, those who see that, like cancer, it invades the whole of Southern life and is therefore as injurious to whites as to Negroes.

Let us say he did it to appease the segregationists, hoping that if he got the more candid opposition out of the way they'd listen to the "moderates." But it never works. Whatever you say, and however reasonably, quietly, gently you say it, the segregationist will fight if you suggest a change in his ways.

The "moderates" are wrong to think that a little caution and common sense, a little easy pushing along will counteract the powerful charisma of the political witch doctors. It won't. We need Orphic poets to lift the people out of the dark hell their leaders have pushed them into. Gradualism has not worked. It has left the people bereft of moral values, segregated from their consciences, impotent to deal with their inner selves or the outer situation.

These pieces, however, make good if sedate reading. Some of the writers say wise and moving things. LeRoy Collins's eloquent speech as Governor of Florida shows courage and common sense. James McBride Dabbs is a warm humanist whose words touch the heart. Ralph McGill is not so good here as he was more recently in the bold and brilliant columns he wrote about Governor Barnett and the Oxford situation. It delights me to see a piece by young Hodding Carter, Jr., whom I last saw at Phillips Exeter Academy in New Hampshire; he was then a gallant lad on the ready for new ideas, and I believe that not even Mississippi can hold him down. But he would be the first to agree that he has just started on the road to self-discovery, which is the road to understanding our South.

Paul Green says warm, decent, good things in a beautiful way; I wish he had seen fit to say them twenty years ago. Our poets should lead us.

This could have been a much better book; but when one remembers the millions of bigoted words that have drowned out quieter, more reasonable words for so long, one commends "We Dissent" for its power to sustain those who have already moved in their thinking to the position of these writers. It affirms clearly what people are beginning to know for themselves. As such, it can be useful to those more mute, less sure of their new vocabulary; they can fall back on these pieces to support them in what "they know but don't know how to say."

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Transcendence on Trial

Joyce Cary—"pessimist in love with life."

"Aissa Saved," by Joyce Cary *(Harper & Row. 219 pp. $3.95),* ***"The Case for African Freedom and Other Writings on Africa," by Joyce Cary*** *(University of Texas Press. 241 pp. $5), and* ***"The Indeterminate World: A Study of the Novels of Joyce Cary," by Robert Bloom*** *(University of Pennsylvania Press. 212 pp. $5), provide a perspective on the late British writer, whose first novel is only now making its American debut. Andrew Wright, who wrote "Joyce Cary: A Preface to His Novels," teaches English at Ohio State University.*

By ANDREW WRIGHT

NOW ISSUED in America three decades after its appearance in England, "Aissa Saved" is greatly to be welcomed. It was Joyce Cary's first published book, and it remains a work of considerable interest: unlike so many first novels, "Aissa Saved" is fully mature, if not technically flawless. In fact, Cary worked and reworked it; he says in the so-called Carfax preface (reprinted as an appendix to the American edition) that it took him three years to finish. It was published when Cary was forty-three, a dozen years after he had settled with his wife and family in Oxford, to make a career of writing. From 1920 to 1932 Cary wrote and thought, but published nothing, because, as he later acknowledged, he could not make sense of the world, not enough sense to write a novel. "Aissa Saved," the first of the score of books published subsequently, is fully characteristic.

"Ethics are important enough, goodness knows," Cary writes in the Carfax preface, "but the fundamental question for everybody is what they live by; what is their faith." "Aissa Saved," accordingly, is a book about faith. Like all the other Cary novels, it deals with religious questions in a highly individual way, for Cary was, like his master Blake, fundamentally opposed to the church, to any church, to all churches, because institutions as institutions stifle — or so he believed. Cary has been called, pejoratively, a romantic; Blake was thought to be mad. But Cary, like Blake before him, was a visionary, and his visions were of transcendence. Those who dismiss by classification or diagnosis this fact about Cary are almost bound to be misled, or at best to take him at less than the full valuation that Cary himself put on — and into — his work.

Robert Bloom, in a careful and sometimes illuminating study of Cary's novels, fails to understand the transcendent aspect of Cary's way of thinking, and so finds his work wanting in coherence.

> Cary's theme [he writes] is evasively vague and generalized. It is not a moral commitment at all. Instead of composing "a picture of the world and of what is right and wrong in the world," he is content to assert that it is "intensely dynamic, a world in creation"; and he does not have conviction enough even about this to express disapproval of the characters in his novels . . . who resist change. By offering us a world in which we navigate "in a sea without charts" he delineates not "the shape of things under the confusion of appearance" so much as the underlying confusion of things, with which, as human beings, we are presumably already too familiar.

The note of exasperation here is one with which it would be possible to sympathize if Cary were trying in his novels to state, and then to provide solutions to, problems. But this is very far from being the case. The facts are that Cary's view of the world is clear and coherent, that this view is founded on a religious intuition, that the world is regarded by Cary not as indeterminate but as at once tragic and emblematic.

"Aissa Saved" centers on the faith, or rather faiths, embraced by an alluring Nigerian woman of spirit, partly liberated from savagery. Aissa's story is one of alternation, by way of the most urgent and persuasive human involvements, between her primitive juju and Christianity half-understood. Her first attachment to Christianity comes by way of gratitude for the kindly treatment she receives at the Shibi Mission when she has fled from her native village. Her misconstructions as to the "true" nature of Christianity spring from several sources: the picture-book version of it presented her by the well-meaning missioners, her own will to make Christ a substitute for her lover Gajere (so that when she is taking the sacrament of the Lord's supper, she imagines Christ to be her husband), and her own fate—which makes her blend Christianity and ju-ju uniquely.

Professor Bloom writes of the "impasse" in "Aissa Saved," which "we must learn to expect of a Cary novel." In my own view, "Aissa Saved" bears witness at once to the centrality of the religious impulse so far as Cary's own thinking is concerned, and at the same time to the inadequacy and imperfection with which it is embodied—not simply in the African Aissa but in the missioners and indeed in all the characters in this extremely populous novel. But Mr. Bloom demands a "solution," and, in the event, misreads the novel to the extent of supposing that Cary is "committed only to the idea that energy, passion, and imaginative intensity exist and produce visions."

In this connection it is well to have in hand the present collection of African pieces, of which "The Case for African Freedom," first published in 1941, is the most important. Cary spent the better part of a decade in Africa, in what used to be called the Political Service, and was invalided out in 1920. His natural sympathy and quick intelligence, combined with much firsthand experience, make him an excellent observer of the Nigerian scene; but, as Christopher Fyfe says in his superb introduction to this group of essays, "Joyce Cary's profoundest reflections on Africa are contained in his novels; the five pieces included in this volume may be read as a supplement to them." Besides "The Case for African Freedom," there is included another pamphlet, "Britain and West Africa," partly a

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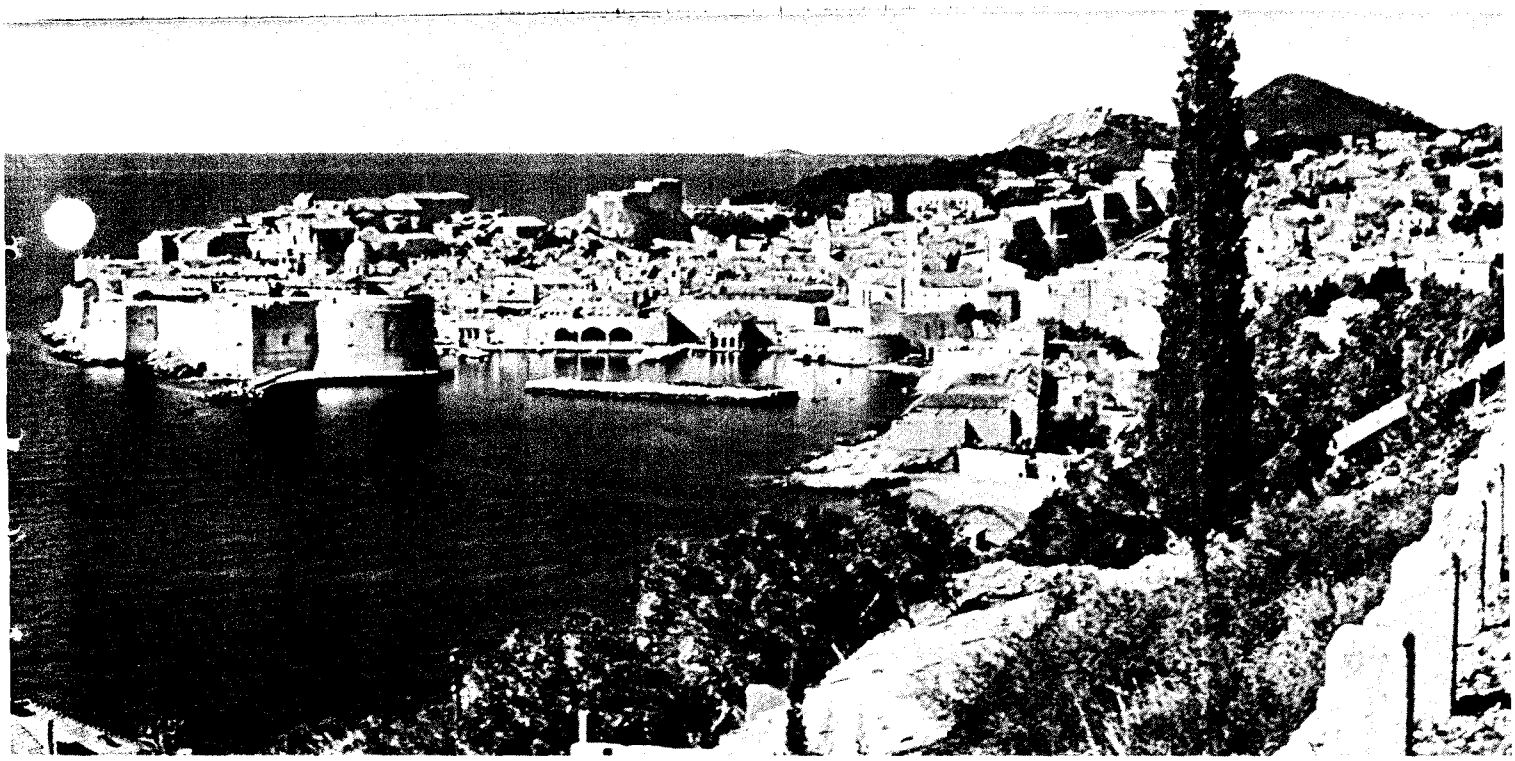

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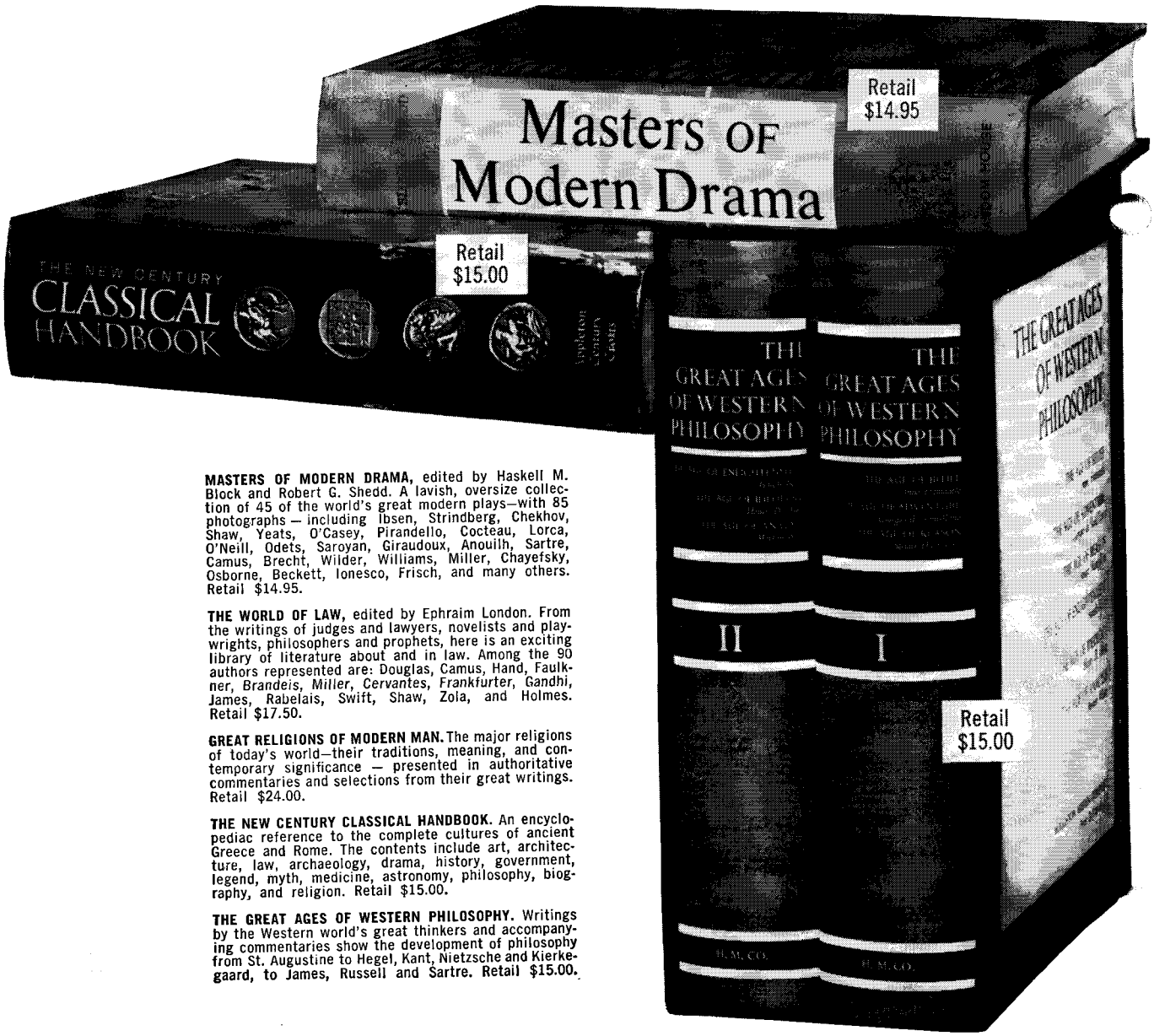

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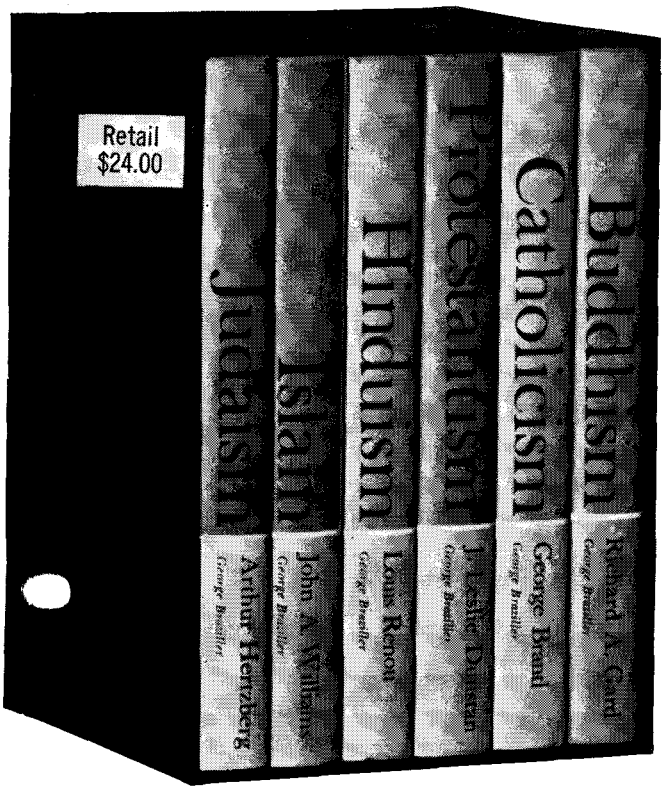

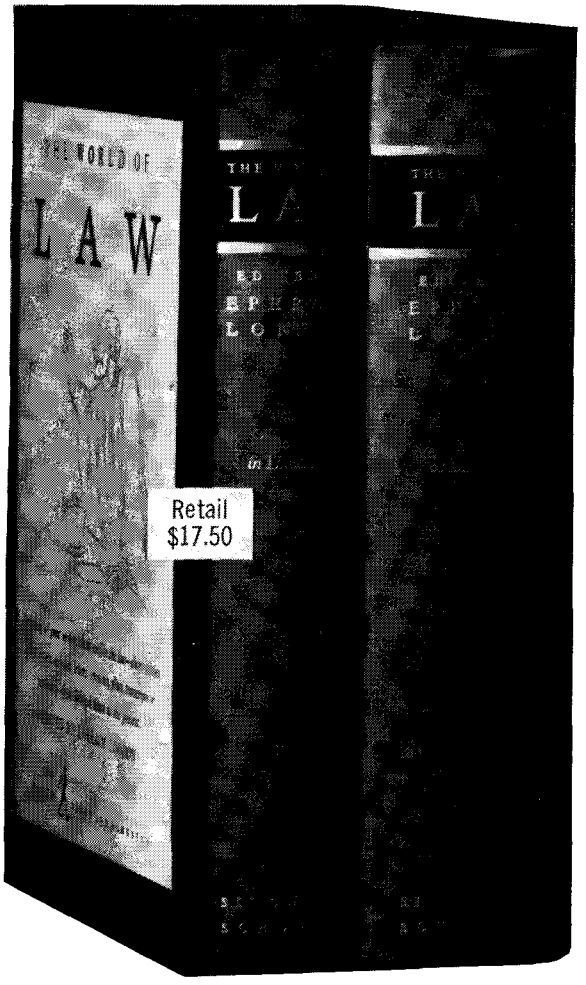

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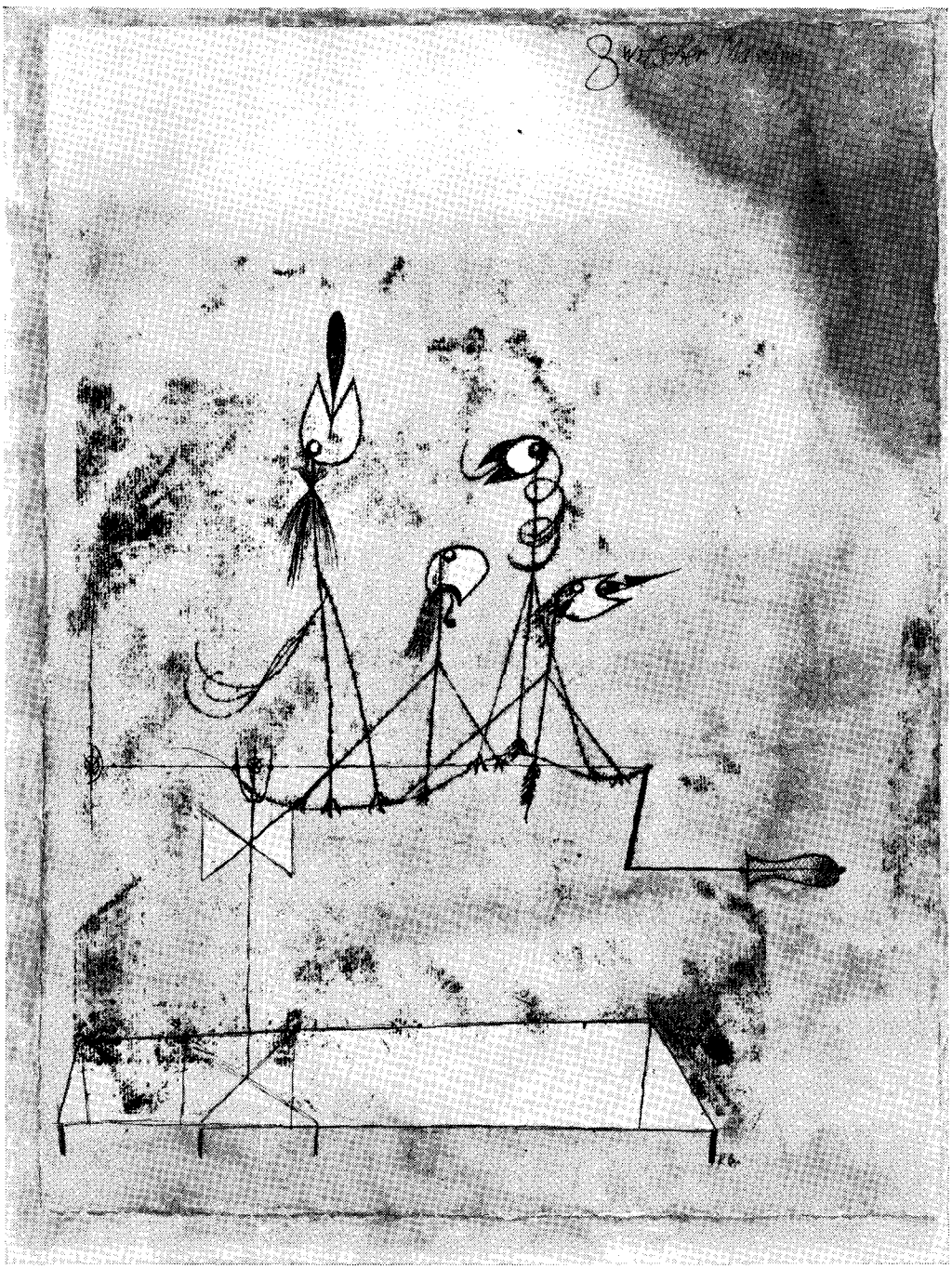
LANDMARKS OF MODERN ART



—*Museum of Modern Art.*

"Twittering Machine," by Paul Klee, 1922

PAUL KLEE, master of the visual pun, specialist in small works of large meaning, humorist, philosopher, and compassionate observer of human foibles, proposed serious ideas only to disguise them in gentle mockery. Gathering his source material from the simplest forms in nature and from the spontaneous world of children and primitives, he early wrote, "I want to be as though new born . . . to be almost primitive." During the early Twenties Klee often used the machine as a favorite theme, but it was rarely the reliable forms of modern technology that he espoused. His were wayward and ironic mechanisms like the "Twittering Machine," where lightly attached wires with birds emitting exclamation points and barbed arrows made present-day industrialization seem far from infallible. For Klee's hypothetical constructions usually relied on modest objects in nature. He was one of the rare twentieth-century artists to question whether man was invariably the victim of the contraptions he had invented. —K.K.

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historical account, partly a vision of the future; an autobiographical essay, "Africa Yesterday: One Ruler's Burden" n which Cary recalls his experience as a bush dictator; "Christmas in Africa," a personal reminiscence, and "Catching Up with History," a review of Richard Wright's "Black Power." The University of Texas Press is greatly to be commended for having published this useful collection, as it is for having put in print that fascinating fragment of Cary autobiography, "Memoir of the Bobotes," in 1960.

Happily, there are signs—the books under review are among them—of a reawakened interest in Cary's work. Mr. Bloom's study has its virtues: it is clearly, sometimes elegantly written; it deals briskly and economically with Cary's novels (Mr. Bloom does not, surreptitiously or otherwise, treat the reader to long plot summaries). And his critical practice is, to be quite fair, often far better than his preaching.

But, in one reader's opinion at least, Mr. Bloom does less than justice to Cary by finding him, or rather his world, indeterminate. Of the two trilogies ("Herself Surprised," "To Be a Pilgrim," "The Horse's Mouth" and "Prisoner of Grace," "Except the Lord," "Not Honour More"), Mr. Bloom writes hat, in comparison to "the earnest moral concern of James, Conrad, Lawrence . . . we must feel uneasy, as though, in the trilogies, we are in the hands of an ultimately irresponsible intelligence, indifferently, yet bewitchingly, contriving the whole standpoint of each novel." Because of the fact that in both trilogies each of the novels is narrated by a different character, each of whom tells a story at variance with what is told by the other two—because, that is to say, of a technical device that makes impossible the identification of narrator and author—the reader may be tempted, with Mr. Bloom, into supposing that Cary balks before ultimate commitment.

Thus when he comes to discuss the first trilogy in detail, Mr. Bloom says that for Cary "the truth lies nowhere, or, what amounts to the same thing, everywhere." Because Sara Monday, the cook-housekeeper-mistress of "Herself Surprised," can neither understand nor fully articulate her own moral position, Mr. Bloom says that *we* "cannot place Sara, with any real assurance as a moral being." On the contrary, we are able, because of the device that Cary employs so masterfully, to understand ara as she simply cannot: we surprise Sara, just as she surprises herself, but in different ways. Similarly, Mr. Bloom fails to see that between Wilcher, the elderly lawyer who narrates "To Be a Pilgrim," and Gulley Jimson, the aging artist who tells his own story in "The Horse's Mouth," Cary chooses—in so far as choice here is necessary—the creative man: Gulley is a stronger and more attractive figure; besides, at the end of his own book Wilcher has come to recognize in himself the creativity that has made him a pilgrim, willy-nilly.

To the second trilogy Mr. Bloom devotes a good deal of attention, and I gratefully acknowledge that here as elsewhere in his book he deals politely with my own publicly stated views, even where he disagrees—and he often disagrees. Here *his* error, as it seems to me, lies in failing to observe Cary's preference for the artist in politics, Chester Nimmo, whose "prisoner" Nina, the narrator of the first volume, acknowledges herself to be; this same Chester, who narrates the second volume and who is violently hated by the paranoid Jim Latter, the narrator of the final volume, is clearly the central figure of the trilogy. In order to document my own case I should have to take more space than is available to me here; but it is possible to point to the flaw in Mr. Bloom's argument. Chester, Mr. Bloom says, "rather consistently outwits" Jim. "This, however, we may take to be merely the superiority of the wangler over the honorable man." To say this is to take Chester merely as a wangler, when, as we are shown throughout the trilogy, his is

—*From "Aissa Saved."*

not mere arranging, but basically principled maneuver; on the other hand, Jim's conception of honor, romantic and narrow, is utterly inadequate to any proper view of the world. I gather from Mr. Bloom's book that what he wants from Cary is a social program. But Cary, a pessimist in love with life, a visionary with a tragic view, a political thinker with some contempt for politics—Cary, though he also hoped for a democratic world in which individuals might fulfill themselves, saw both the inadequacy of worldly solutions, and the transcendence to which—as he believed—human activity ultimately points.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

ALL ABOARD!

The spaces below represent vehicles of various types which you must identify in order to complete the definitions which Frieda M. Lease of Madison, Wisconsin, has submitted. All passengers will disembark on page 45.

1. ___ ___ ___hel	measure
2. ___ ___ ___ ___ ___t	celestial body
3. d___ ___ ___ ___	current of air
4. ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___t	magic trick
5. ___ ___ ___ ___p	bum
6. ___ ___ ___ ___oon	humorous drawing
7. wor___ ___ ___ ___	revere
8. ___ ___ ___ ___neyed	trite
9. ___ ___ ___id	unyielding
10. ___ ___ ___pet	floor covering
11. ___ ___ ___antic	huge
12. s___ ___ ___ ___ ___	filter
13. ___ ___ ___ ___matic	self-operated
14. mil___ ___ ___ ___ ___	hat designer
15. ___ ___ ___illa	flavoring
16. ___ ___ ___in	cottage
17. ___ ___ ___ ___ ___y	cunning
18. ___ ___ ___ ___dermy	art of stuffing animals

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Building on the Wright Foundation

"Life and Shape," by Richard Neutra *(Appleton-Century-Crofts. 368 pp. $7.95), and* ***"The Evolution of an Architect," by Edward Durell Stone*** *(Horizon. 288 pp. $15), are linked by a mutual reverence for the genius of Frank Lloyd Wright, although the first comprises the reflections of a German-born, naturalized American architect, while the second looks retrospectively at the career of a native Arkansan. Albert Christ-Janer is the co-author, with Mary Mix Foley, of "Modern Church Architecture."*

By ALBERT CHRIST-JANER

TRIBUTES to Frank Lloyd Wright come from many architects these days, but what a treat to find, in both these introspections, such genuine, such intimate eulogy of a true American titan. To read these books is to realize the full extent to which Edward Durell Stone's simple sentence sums up a fact: "No modern architect today takes a pencil in hand without subconsciously paying homage to Frank Lloyd Wright." Both Stone and Richard Neutra, revealing so personally their own relationship to Wright, add thereby unforgettable and important paragraphs to the saga of the master of all the modern masters.

The German-born Neutra names the three deep influences on his professional life: Adolf Loos, Louis Sullivan, and Wright. The last is the one who permeated the core of Neutra's nature. "When I first stood before Frank Lloyd Wright, it was just like suddenly seeing the unicorn or some other fairy tale figure one has been searching for behind the rainbow." He saw Wright for the first time as they stood by the open grave of Sullivan, Wright's own *Lieber Meister*. How dramatic real life can be! Yet Neutra discovered that Wright was not, in his own land, an honored man. In fact, he was told in harsh judgment that Wright was a terrible man. He read the lurid newspaper stories about him and was puzzled and downcast.

The upturn of Wright's almost interrupted and badly damaged career was effected by the Museum of Modern Art exhibition of 1932, described by Stone as doing "for achitecture what the famous Armory Show had done for painting. . . . I know of no single event which so profoundly influenced the architecture of the twentieth century." This was the show, it must be remembered, that vindicated Sullivan, reinstated Wright, and introduced Gropius, Mies, and Le Corbusier to the American public. It helped immeasurably to offer a vast field of opportunity to Neutra and to Stone and to their generation of architects throughout the land.

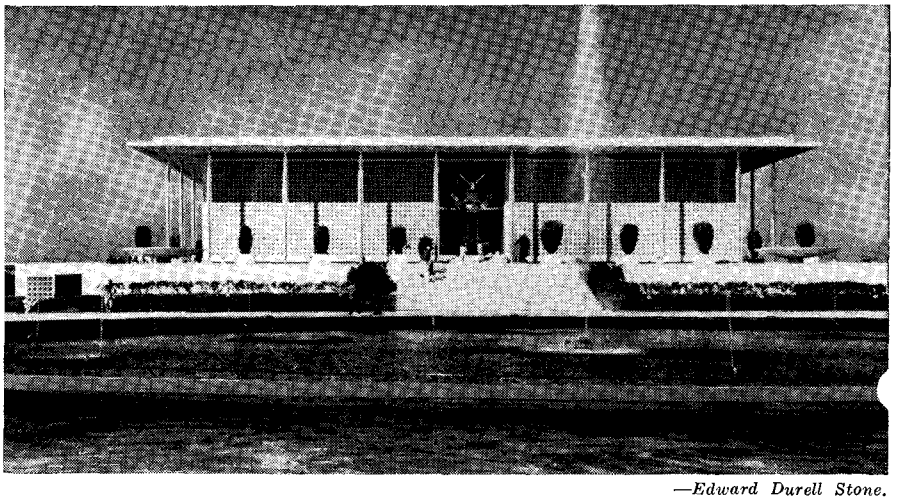
Edward Stone became well acquainted with Wright—Howard Myers, editor of *Architectural Forum* introduced them—and this association exerted such a potent influence on the younger architect that one hardly need be assured of his conviction today that Wright, who had himself under oath admitted that he was the greatest living architect, "was overly modest, because I consider him the greatest architect in history."

For better or for worse—and it will be time alone that will judge for certain—the works of Neutra and of Stone show in various manifestations their unreserved dedication to the spirit, and, to some extent, to the form of their dead hero. Isn't there precious advice in this observation by Neutra: "Frank Lloyd Wright would have become a great architect if he never laid eyes on Sullivan's achievement. But it kept him, deep in his heart, competitive to it, more than a generation after the older friend was in his grave."

Aside from this mutual and pervasive loyalty, these autobiographies by Neut-

—Julius Shulman.

Kaufman House, Palm Springs, Calif., by Neutra—"like suddenly seeing a unicorn."



—Edward Durell Stone.

U.S. Embassy, New Delhi—Wright would have done it the same way.

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ra and Stone are very different. The latter, with very little text, has presented a complete pictorial history of is life work; Neutra has added to his words only a group of arbitrarily chosen drawings, mostly sketches of indifferent quality. Whereas Neutra devotes page after page to subjective speculations about his life and about ideas and things that have fascinated him, Stone restricts himself to a brevity which shows that he meant it when he said, at the outset, that he would not "cloud simple intent by exercises in abstruse metaphysics."

Richard Neutra's story, by the very reason of its flights into abstract speculations, captivates while it irritates. Told in convoluted Germanic sentences, glued together with old slang he says he picked up in Brooklyn and Hollywood, this is the almost classic tale of the gifted, energetic European who flees his native land because the depth of its culture can thwart. So the artist seeks his fortune—his chance to offer his gift—and he finds enough takers in the United States to offset the inevitable disappointment because its culture is not so deep. Here, despite the negative experiences that the aspiring immigrant endures, Neutra nonetheless says that "it was like coming home, really."

During the past fifteen years Neutra has published thirteen books. A general complaint is that parts of them attempt to deal, at too great length and somewhat pretentiously, with metaphysics. "Life and Space" suffers from this fault. Even John Dewey, at his clumsiest, would not have dared to retain a sentence like this: "Space-and-time around us are measured for the individual, operating in it every moment by his inner nature."

Neutra is, of course, able to make profound observations quite clearly. He is aware, as only those who have lived in another country can be, of a grave danger; and he warns against it with the concern a man has for what he loves deeply. He, like his old friend Adolf Loos, loves the USA. So he writes, "We are no longer young enough to fumble naïvely in picturesque incoherence while personally enmeshed in installment plans so that we can each enjoy his cocky yearly model of this and that as our common denominator." And again, with a poignant and alarmed question, he worries whether America, during the coming decades, can hold for the peoples of he world that inviting image which it had for him and for the loyal Adolf Loos.

Everyone acquainted with Edward Durell Stone would expect him to come up with a staunch and optimistic answer to Neutra's question. He predicts that we are at the threshold of a great movement in the arts; that "it is encouraging that so many of our significant thinkers have pointed out the unfortunate environment we have created . . . and are proposing corrective programs. When such programs are inaugurated, architects can begin to fulfill their destiny. We will not be wasting our effort creating precious prototypes in the midst of chaos, but adding brilliant buildings in a well-ordered plan for the country as a whole." Now who could look that confidently ahead but a man who has always "tried to see whether the positive attributes do not outweigh the negative ones"?

IN a straightforward account, with no literary frills, Stone relates his story —one that every red-blooded American boy or girl can understand. His grandfather was one of the founders of Fayetteville, Arkansas, where Ed was reared in the security of an understanding family. The last thing his father, an eccentric, generous man, would have visited upon his son was strict discipline; the lad was allowed to do as he pleased. His elder brother, Hicks, was an architect, working in the Boston office of Shepley, Rutan & Coolidge, and when Ed, too, went to Boston, the senior partner of the firm took a liking to the friendly younger Stone and hired him as an apprentice draftsman. From that point on, his architectural career advanced uninterruptedly.

A scholarship enabled him to travel around Europe at a time—more than thirty-five years ago—when there were only fragmentary examples of modern architecutre. Yet the skilful sketches he did of the notable monuments in Paris, Rome, Siena, Rouen, Sweden, and Spain reveal the deep impression that they made upon him. "Travel is vitally important for the young man in architecture," Stone says today. "To know architecture he must experience it."

Returning to the United States at the start of the Thirties, Stone faced up to the gray facts of life that confronted every architect then. But he, with his irrepressible nature, was lucky enough to get a job: Wallace K. Harrison and his associates placed him in charge of designing the two theatres in Rockefeller Center.

He designed some houses in the international style and, in the grand breakthrough, he, with Philip Goodwin, received the commission for the Museum of Modern Art. After that the career of Edward Durell Stone developed rapidly; it is well known to even the reader of newspapers and current magazines that Stone designed El Panama Hotel, the Arts Center at the University of Arkansas, the U.S. Embassy in India, the Palo Alto Hospital, and the U.S. Pavilion in Brussels. Especially noteworthy, the New Delhi design is an elegant solution to a sophisticated architectural program. Doubtless the architect wants no more praise than that which he received from Wright, who said, in a superlative almost unknown to him, that he'd have done it the same way.

Am I My Neighbor's Keeper?

By Richard Eberhart

THE poetry of tragedy is never dead.
If it were not so I would not dream
On principles so deep they have no ending,
Nor on the ambiguity of what things ever seem.

The truth is hid and shaped in veils of error
Rich, unanswerable, the profound caught in plain air.
Centuries after tragedy sought out Socrates
Its inexplicable essence visits us in our lair,

Say here, on a remote New Hampshire farm.
The taciturn farmer disappeared in pre-dawn.
He had beaten his handyman, but no great harm.
Light spoke vengeance and bloodstains on the lawn.
His trussed corpse later under the dam
Gives to this day no answer, says I am.

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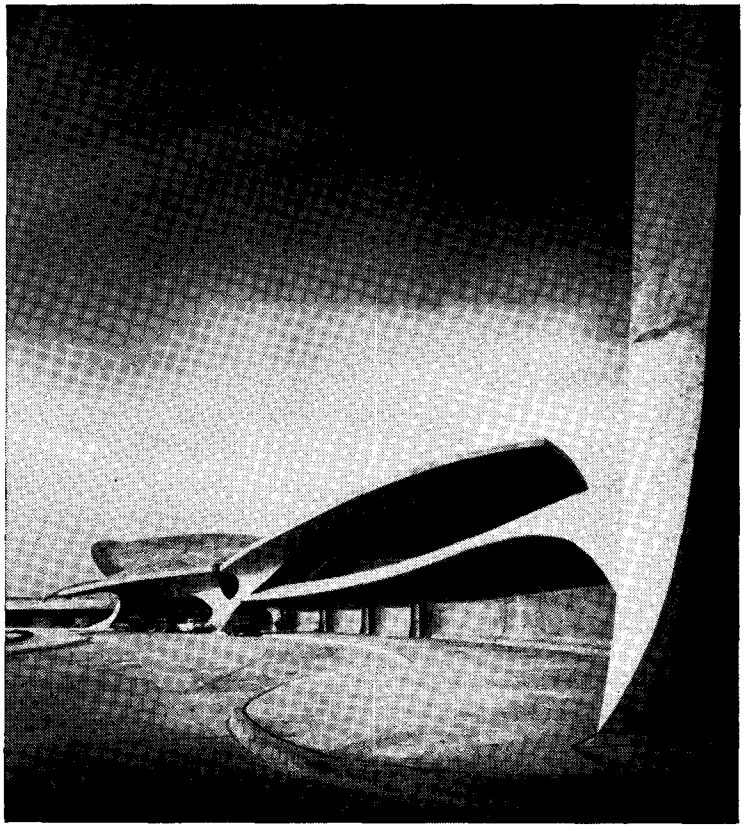
Designer for the Corporate Image



Saarinen's TWA Terminal at Idlewild—"flourishing and fruitful eclecticism."

"Eero Saarinen, and His Work," edited by Aline B. Saarinen *(Yale University Press. 102 pp. $15), echoes in its informal and personal statements the voice of an eloquent architect. Edgar Kaufmann, Jr., wrote "What Is Modern Interior Design?"*

By EDGAR KAUFMANN, JR.

NO PROMINENT modern architect, living or dead, has been more difficult to classify and evaluate than Eero Saarinen. His scrupulously eloquent works have focussed attention on what has been an unacknowledged practice in architecture of our day: flourishing and fruitful eclecticism. Saarinen's evident talents and crack training (under his famous father) made success certain, but his personal honesty and ideals kept it ever a risk. Now that he has died, only fifty-one years old, open season has been declared for all opinions. At such a moment it is particularly valuable to have the architect's own words as guides to his aims and as assessments of problems and answers. Everywhere that Saarinen's work is seriously considered—and that is across the world—the book edited by his widow will be welcome as a dignified memorial and a basis of authentic information. Indeed, one wishes mainly for more and fuller texts.

Saarinen's informal, personal statements carry the tone of his warm, weighty, and often humorous objectivity, and such are the best passages in the book. Others here preserved smack of the press release, and of the encouraging Final Report to the client, suitable for use at the Stockholders' Meeting. Yet this executive accent is part and parcel of the Saarinen *oeuvre*, architectural as well as verbal. A lot of his time was spent creating for VIPs (something not quite like the patrons of the past), and he observed boardroom customs without succumbing to the banality of protective coloration. As a result he built much splendid, pace-setting corporate architecture, and had a central role in some of the most revealing sagas of modern architectural enterprise.

Suitably enough then, significant formality is the tone of this posthumous publication of Saarinen's words. Boxed and innocent of blurbs, the book at first appears slightly larger than life. Its 10" x 14" pages are thick and cream-colored; the type, big (12 point) and generously spaced; huge initials give the text a quasi-ecclesiastical emphasis. The plates—thirty-six full-page and fourteen more spread over two pages—are the least satisfactory part of the production; they are selected for pictorial punch and "charm" rather than for architectural character, and are so forced in tonal contrast as to lose form and detail. Nevertheless the book proves surprisingly agreeable to use; it is light in hand, and the long pages, thanks to large, loosely set letters, require very little craning. Like much of Saarinen's architecture, this book hides under its somewhat insistent formalism genuinely easy, rich intellectual and human content.

The pluralistic puzzles of Eero Saarinen's art may never be solved, like those of Wagner's music, which his work so often calls to mind, but at least we have Saarinen's excerpted texts (utterly un-Wagnerian they are) in a truly handsome, well-documented publication.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1017

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every leter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1017 will be found in the next issue.

DQB MKDAOT HOXHSM FOHS YHVPOS XKBQ DQB KHM EKB XVQQVQN GHPTM.

DMGHP XVOTB

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1016

Many a child is spoiled because you can't spank the grandmother.
—GEORGIA "STAR."

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FICTION

Youth on a Pleasure Hunt

"Young Crankshaw," by Cecil Hemley *(Harcourt, Brace & World. 243 pp. $4.50), portrays a youthful rebel compelled to choose between Art and Commerce, as well as among half a dozen available girls. Charles Jackson is well known as the author of "The Lost Weekend" and "The Outer Edges."*

By CHARLES JACKSON

WITH oncoming age, I am horrified to find myself growing more and more conventional, puritannical, reactionary—in a word, square. My eyebrows go up willy-nilly when the hero of a novel I happen to be reading (a nice boy, too) sleeps with several girls at once—or, to be more precise, is carrying on affairs with several girls simultaneously. (Would a Scott Fitzgerald hero do this? Never! Or even a Hemingway?) It would be easy as pie to cite examples; just name practically any current work of fiction, though the "prize" does seem to go to Calder Willingham, in whose "Eternal Fire" [see page 25] a young man of twenty-five summers has seduced 603 females (or so the author tells us). Now I had always thought (I'm serious about this) that promiscuity was almost unheard-of in the young; that youth was idealistic by nature, and could carry in its head only one romantic image at a time; promiscuity, as it must to all men, comes much later, etc., etc. Not so, the young novelists tell me. And this is sad, I think. For how is the ardent but promiscuous young man, finding love in half a dozen partners —how is he to know, at the Moment of Truth, just who his inamorata really is? (Gee, maybe I'm forgetting all I ever knew; for at the *exact* Moment of Truth does it really matter?) Well, anyway.

The hero of this novel, John Crankshaw, is just such a young man. As the story begins, he is juggling at least five girls, bedfellows all. After my customary unease over such a situation had subsided (I have two young, unmarried daughters), I began to settle back and enjoy myself, more and more so as the novel progressed.

Are you one of those people who seldom finish a novel? I am. (Naturally we're not talking about "Anna Karenina" or "Tender Is the Night.") Offhand, I can think of only two novels in the past year that held my interest to the final paragraph, and these are "The Blood of the Lamb," that haunting and noble book by Peter De Vries, and "The Movie-Goer," by Walker Percy, which won last year's National Book Award; but now I can name a third: "Young Crankshaw," by Cecil Hemley. Writing about the kind of people we have all known, Mr. Hemley has given us a novel marvelously light of heart—which doesn't for a moment mean frivolous, or not serious. The author has a sense of humor of his own, but his objectivity is such that it's up to the reader to discover for himself when humor is intended and when not. Such is his modesty and self-effacement that one can almost wonder if Mr. Hemley knows how comic his book really is. And I'll bet anything he doesn't know how good it is.

YOUNG CRANKSHAW not only can't make up his mind which of those five or six girls to marry; he is also torn between the alternatives of a good job in his father's business and a career in the arts. Happy problems, you see. He has money of his own, so he can

THE AUTHOR: Amherst graduate Cecil Hemley is an exceptionally patient and painstaking man. He stuck through four years in a "dreadful Brooklyn high school"; refused to conceal his identity as a writer when he joined the Army (as some did), thereby having to ghost-write his way through World War II; fruitlessly dogged his six plays around Broadway for years; co-founded Noonday Press with Arthur A. Cohen in 1951, with no previous publishing experience; put out an average of twenty-five books a year with a staff of five; edited and published Isaac Bashevis Singer's "The Slave" without a translator *or* knowledge of Yiddish, in which it was written; thinks nothing, "in the majority of cases," of undertaking "Maxwell Perkins-type editing jobs"; and, in his quest for perfection, totally rewrote "Young Crankshaw" four times.

Moonlighter Hemley is editor of Noonday Press and Farrar, Straus by day, poet-novelist by night. He has chosen this punishing regime, he explained at luncheon, because "I always want a job, but prefer writing to editing." He manages both by "ruling my three kids with an iron hand when I'm working at home" and "doing absolutely nothing socially."

As an editor, Hemley's major triumphs have been the five Singer books, and the first American publication of works by Brazil's most celebrated novelist, Machado de Assis. As writer, his first book, "The Experience" (1960), brought in genuinely rave reviews. He expects "Crankshaw" to do even better.

Were there any particularly strong influences on his work? He named Jane Austen immediately, followed by other eighteenth-century writers. "There's another large influence," he added after pausing to butter a roll. "Old-time movies. I'm sure some of the material in "Crankshaw" would have pleased Harold Lloyd. You'll find many movie and theatre tricks in my novels." Thus Hemley's study at the Yale Drama School, although it failed to make him a great playwright, has at last paid off.

The talk then turned to the state of the novel in America. "Avant-gardism has been bad for the American novel," Hemley remarked. "So has James Joyce and the craze for psychoanalysis. The novel came close to losing its audience here. It was boring people to death. But I think the American novel is now about to go into its most brilliant period."

Why did he set "Crankshaw" in the early Thirties when this period seems to be already over-done? "Because I felt no one had written honestly about it. In fact," Hemley stressed, "most writers falsified the period. Another reason, of course, was because the Thirties was the time of my youth. The book isn't autobiographical," he continued, "but you'll find some of my sillinesses distributed throughout. In fact, there's part of an old libretto I wrote for a theatre opera in it. It goes something like this: 'Let the whore marry the bore/ Tra la la la la/ Let them married be/ For all eternity/ Hymen! Hymen! Hymen!' See what I mean?"

—MARY KERSEY HARVEY.

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worry about this for quite a while. Careers can be put off; girls can't. And this wrestling goes on against a background of Manhattan in the late Thirties, so beautifully evoked by the author that one feels a nostalgia, a real *heimweh*, for that argumentative decade of the parlor pinks and the Trotskyites, the rally in Union Square and the Lincoln Brigade, the meeting in the damp cellar or in somebody's Park Avenue duplex on a Sunday afternoon. ("He looked at the people around him. What a tony crowd it was. . . . He wished his father were present, to see how very respectable rebellion was.")

But Crankshaw's troubles only begin when he does finally decide on a girl, Madeleine, for it is then that not only his own parents, but hers as well, get into the act; one of the funniest and most human scenes in the book is when the four older folks, expecting the worst, come to his apartment in a body to reassure him how gladly they would approve of the marriage provided it takes place at once—and while this frantic good will is being showered on the mute John, the unzippered, ungirdled, unbra-ed Madeleine is listening behind the door.

The novel is rich in characters, but most important of all is Rafferty, the eternal handsome rake with no visible means of support, before whom women fall like leaves, while eager benefactors practically line up to buy him clothes, give him walking-around money, and support his airy projects. "Lose a benefactor, gain a benefactor," says the unruffled Rafferty. To this irresistible character, who naturally expects nothing less, John Crankshaw finds himself giving up his money, then his bed, then his apartment, and finally his girl. Every man has his own particular Rafferty to contend with, even to the point of murder, says the author; and he further seems to ask: Why is it that the decent young man of good will always has to give way to the Raffertys of this world? A good question.

It is with Rafferty, and the way he exploits everything about Crankshaw to his own ends, including an almost ghoulish, prolonged titillation of the hero's mother when she is dying in a hospital, that the novel becomes very serious indeed, without, however, slackening its brilliant social wit. "Young Crankshaw" is comic in the way that "A Handful of Dust" and "Put Out More Flags" are comic. It doesn't bite nearly so deeply, but it is every bit as entertaining. Also, it is the only recent novel I can think of at the moment that, as one follows it page by page, gets better, and better, and better.

The Immaculate Immigrant

***"Paradise Reclaimed," by Halldor Laxness**, translated from the Icelandic by Magnus Magnusson (Crowell. 254 pp. $4.50), a moral fable by the winner of the 1955 Nobel Prize in Literature, tells of a meek tenant farmer who inherited the earth. Robert L. Perkin is book review editor of the Rocky Mountain News in Denver, Colorado.*

By ROBERT L. PERKIN

"I AM a poor man," said Steinar of Hlidar, "and I cannot afford to accept gifts. It is only rich men who can afford to accept gifts."

A poor man, an Icelandic crofter in whose turf-roofed home gold and silver are never seen but once, cannot even afford the gift of Paradise. He may discover it in the Territory of Utah, as Brigham Young did, reclaim it and give it to his children to have and hold; but for himself, in the end, he must return to the rocky little fields under the cliff where the fulmar rides the wind. He has traveled far, done the things that needed doing, made his proper and chaste obeisance to holy polygamy, discovered the land in which truth resides. As for now, this ancient rock wall enclosing the miniature pasture is much neglected and wants mending.

Halldór Laxness of Reykjavik, the 1955 Nobel laureate in literature, tells the story of Steinar in "Paradise Reclaimed," and it makes a most delightful, flavorsome tale. The ironies strike no less deeply because they are subtle and merry and at all times gentle, and mild, and underspoken. The flavor is runic, the manner bardic, and the heroes of the pages include, in addition to good Steinar, Burnt Njal and every other saga-fellow who ever made the long winter night bearable.

"Paradise Reclaimed" is a moral fable, really, and it says, without raising its voice and quite without pulpit sonority, that the meek do inherit the earth. It also says that man is greater and more virtuous than the liturgies he is fond of creating to remind himself of his need for virtue. Along the way there is much pithy comment, always oblique, on the routes by which a man achieves self-mastery and freedom. It is submitted that the stoic, provided he is humane and not merely indifferent, can win a useful freedom; the theological, materialistic, or passionate epicurean, on the other hand, remains forever the slave of his visions and desires. Mention is made, entirely offhand, of the "childlike excess of good conscience that borders on being conscienceless."

Laxness and the people of his tale, as a matter of record, seldom say anything directly. They will hedge on the time of day or the weather. The author is master of the equivocal, softly stated, and old Steinar is a man who rarely can be cornered into a yes-or-no answer. He and the other Icelanders avoid risking offense with a naked statement. Intent is decently veiled, and the word emerge negatively on the left hand: "I don't suppose you would want to trade me that pony?" Laxness fashions from the trait something closely approximating a pure earth-wit, which is distinguishable from mother-wit by the length of the taproot. Breughel also makes the distinction.

This nineteenth-century rune of Steinar begins with the birth at Hlidar of a remarkable foal. The pony is the most wonderful thing that has happened at the tiny farm through all the centuries and generations of Steinssons, and so he is the source of great joy and family pride. Steinar gives the beloved pony to the Danish King Christian Williamson. The gift, without design and by no more logic than is lifelike, leads to an encounter with Bishop Didrik, Mormon missionary. Steinar is impressed and curious, and eventually he travels to America to verify in person that the Saints have discovered and are peopling a new Paradise beyond the Rocky Mountains. His children join him in Spanish Fork, Territory of Utah, where living is inconceivably bounteous merely by true faith and helping God a little by ordinary dawn-to-dusk labor. Finally, Steinar, a duly immersed Mormon performing his evangelical duty, returns to Iceland on his own mission to the old country.

The story, like Steinar himself, is

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wholly reverent and respectful, even while both reserve unvoiced doubts on certain matters of dogma, revelation, and coffee-drinking. If rude questions linger in the back of a proud mind, Steinar seems to say, one does not offend good, kind people by asking them out loud. The indisputable facts about the new Paradise are that it exists and is functional. That is enough.

In this aspect of his tale Laxness offers insights into what must have been a common spiritual experience among the waves of impoverished immigrants who came to America, which has never known nor recognized peasantry—nor admitted that Paradise could exist anywhere else on earth. But the author is mainly concerned with Steinar, man of innocence and wisdom, man who came back.

HELLFIRE AND REDEMPTION: In "End as a Man" Calder Willingham showed a rare understanding of human malevolence, and in "Reach to the Stars" he revealed, occasionally, an uncanny feeling for the dreams of marginal people. His latest novel, **"Eternal Fire"** (Vanguard, $6.95), hulks with depravity and evil; its black course will keep many readers enthralled to the very last improbable event.

The story is full of intrigue. On an ancient Georgia estate Judge Ball, a sybarite and a consummate villain, conspires to deprive his ward, Randolph, of his rightful inheritance. Randolph must never marry the angelic, secretly passionate Laurie Mae, for the marriage would cut Judge Ball off from his illicit income and land him in jail besides. A forgotten cousin of Laurie Mae is imported to seduce her; he is handsome Harry Diadem, a devil incarnate, with silver eyes and the icy wastelands of the Arctic in his soul. She, however, is guarded by a tree-climbing dwarf of superhuman strength who confuses her with his dead mother. Thugs, blackmailers, and floozies appear on the scene. The plot thickens with murder, suicide, miscegenation, incest, voyeurism, and lurid sex.

Yet the outcome of it all is not dire. The eternal fire of love conquers the fire of damnation which is "inherent to the nature of things."

One could accept the novel as a gripping and sensational tale—no more, no less—if it contained fewer resonances of truth, or if the style were less biting and the emotions less savage. At the same time one cannot accept it as an authentic vision of reality, though distorted by the violence of desire; for despite his sharp and genuine talent, Willingham has permitted his imagination to be seduced by the malicious power of clichés. —IHAB HASSAN.

EVOLVING AFRICA

Tradition in Transition

"The Human Factor in Changing Africa," by Melville J. Herskovits *(Knopf. 478 pp. $6.95), emphasizes that tribalism, far from being dead, may contribute largely to a new cuture on the continent. Colin M. Turnbull's "The Lonely African" deals with the problems of transition.*

By COLIN M. TURNBULL

MELVILLE J. HERSKOVITS was among the first American anthropologists to take an interest in Africa, and he is, more than any, responsible for having given the initial impetus to African studies in this country. The position of eminence that he occupies lends authority to all his writings. Nevertheless any single volume dealing with "Africa" is bound to have serious shortcomings, and if these do not completely invalidate this work, we have to be aware of them.

The school of anthropology that Dr. Herskovits has built up around him at Evanston is by no means in accord with other schools. Its founder, however, has never wavered in his conviction that his is the right approach, and in "The Human Factor in Changing Africa" he devotes considerable space to a justification of his firmly entrenched methodology. Unfortunately, the determination with which he attempts to force not only his facts, but the whole topic, into his preconceived framework partially nullifies what could have been a fine and important work.

This may seem like an academic squabble, but it is far more basic. For the net result of the method employed by Dr. Herskovits is that he has had to be highly selective in his choice of material in the form either of facts or of the quotations with which the book is overabundant. There is a section, for instance, on "Food-Gathering and Herding Peoples," yet two of the foremost authorities were evidently not consulted, for the names of Schebesta and Schumacher are mentioned neither in the text nor the bibliography. But another authority, with rather singular opinions, is quoted as though he stood alone, presumably because his ideas coincide more with those of Herskovits than do those of Schebesta.

The school of thought that produces such unfortunate results differs in a number of aspects from other schools. It allegedly emphasizes people rather than institutions, hence the title "The Human Factor in Changing Africa." But the human factor is noticeable by its absence throughout the book precisely because an institutional approach is far more relevant to this particular study. If Professor Herskovits had acknowledged this he would have found himself in far fewer difficulties. He presents many excellent facts, gives valuable references and pertinent quotations. Occasionally he makes a pithy and sympathetic comment of his own, though for the most part his work is one of collation. However, because of his reluctance to deal with institutions as such, or in detail with specific societies, all the wealth of information that he has gathered is jumbled together in generalizations that are so broad as to be either meaningless or invalid.

Even as the mere historical narrative it in large part is, the book would have had value and appeal had the planning been less conditioned by the author's academic blinkers. But the book is made into a forum for the validation of

—Camera Press (PIX).

East Africa — an opposition between the cultivators and the pastoralists.

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Herskovits's theory of culture areas as applied to Africa. This theory has some validity in certain respects, but the basis on which the African areas are selected does not lend itself to an analysis of social change on that continent.

For example, we get references to "East African pastoralists" and "West African agriculturalists" as though each area exclusively pursued the one economy or the other, whereas the areas are widely overlapping and the economies are frequently mixed. The "Koisan" hunters and gatherers are dismissed because the author says their way belongs to the past (although considerable numbers continue to pursue that way today despite all attempts to change them), and the equatorial hunters and gatherers are similarly dismissed. Both groups happen to have an ancient and strong resistance to change and to other effects of the diffusion that the author sees as having always existed in Africa.

The culture area theory, if followed faithfully, would at least have led the author to make his comparisons and select his material within somewhat comparable bounds, but when expedient he hops from one area to another with carefree agility. The result is not only the creation of a picture of an "Africa" far more chaotic than it really is, but also the presentation of erroneous generalizations. Thus in his treatment of the "East African Cattle Area" he makes no mention of a not unknown tribe called the Kikuyu, nor of the many interlacustrine Bantu tribes who are in the same "cattle area" but who also happen to be cultivators. In this way Professor Herskovits ignores one of the most significant features of this "area," the opposition between the cultivators and the pastoralists.

The initial chapters deal, in the manner of sketchy ethnographic surveys, with culture areas he designates as the "pastoral East" and "agricultural West." This simplification is then made to support the author's theories as to why the West took more kindly to civilization than, allegedly, did the East. On top of this these chapters, like others, are replete with irrelevancies that add nothing but length and confusion to the book, having nothing apparent to do with its purported theme.

And having gone to some lengths to show how Africa has been the scene of constant change and foreign influence, citing trans-Saharan trade as an example of cultural interaction, Dr. Herskovits then decides to deal only with sub-Saharan Africa. Similarly he chooses to take no account of language or race, though these have considerably more bearing on the human factor and on change than some of the miscellaneous information we are subsequently given about basketry and "xylophone-like instruments."

Despite its difficulty of presentation, however, and the danger of the generalizations, the book should be of interest to the layman who wishes to know more of the complexity underlying problems that face the emergent African nations. There are good chapters on land alienation, education, urbanization, and conversion to Islam and Christianity. Perhaps most important of all is the emphasis the author lays on the fac' that tribalism and tribal values are fa from dead, and may have a great deal to contribute to the ultimate emergence of an African culture that is a blend of the old and the new.

Notes from Underground

"Copper Town: Changing Africa," by Hortense Powdermaker *(Harper & Row. 391 pp. $7.95), examines the effects of modernization on Northern Rhodesian mine workers. L. Gray Cowan is director of the Program of Studies on Africa at Columbia University.*

By L. GRAY COWAN

OUT OF the flood of books being written about the African continent today, only a very few can be singled out as contributions to a deeper understanding of the revolution through which African societies are passing. Hortense Powdermaker's discussion of social change on the Copper Belt in Northern Rhodesia is one of them. The towns that have grown up around the copper mines show in microcosm the types of stress being created everywhere in Africa by rapid industrialization, the movement of workers from a tribal society to a modern competitive civilization, and the introduction of the new economic goals made possible by a money economy. To these stresses must be added, on the Copper Belt, the racial conflicts emerging from the threat of African encroachment on the privileged position of the European settler.

Professor Powdermaker rests the foundation for her discussion of social change on a brief account of the tribal background from which the African mine workers come. She emphasizes those factors in the tribal social systems that tend, in their carry-over to life in the artificial towns built by the mining companies, to create the most acute psychological conflicts. The personal dilemma confronting every African tow dweller—the desire to retain the web of kinship that made him an integral part of the tribal community and at the same time to seize the advantages of urban life that can only be bought at the cost of breaking the tribal connection – forms an underlying theme throughout the book. Should, for example, a man give, as tradition de-

—Camera Press (PIX).

African compound at Nkana, Northern Rhodesia, with mine smelter in background —a microcosm of the type of stress being created everywhere in Africa.

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mands, a substantial part of his earnings to his parents or brothers still living in the rural areas, or should he save the same money for the education of his own children? Should he continue to serve tribal tradition as an insurance policy against the day when, if he loses his job at the mine, he and his family may have to return to his native village?

Many of the aspects of social change treated in this volume are, of course, familiar to those who have read some of the extensive literature on such change elsewhere in Africa and Asia. Alterations in family life, the place of women, and the influence of modern communications media are the cornerstones of any study of an evolving society. But Professor Powdermaker's study has a unique feature: the reactions of the participants themselves are here given in their own words. Extensive quotations from conversations between Africans, recorded by the author's African assistants, make clearer than could any interview with a European researcher the pressures with which Africans are faced in the new environment of the towns. Of particular interest are the points of view expressed by workers about the strike called by the African Mine-Workers' Union over the issue of the failure of management to dismiss a European supervisor who had allegedly mistreated workmen. In the course of the strike underlying grievances come more clearly to light centering around the extreme differential in pay for Africans and Europeans. Demonstrated too are the ambivalent views of the workers toward the dual authority of management and the union, and the differences in attitude toward the strike between educated and uneducated union members (the latter tended to be more belligerent although they understood nothing of the complicated contractual questions involved).

The nationalist movement in Africa is the political expression of economic and social change. The futility of the present attempt in Southern Rhodesia to restrain African political advancement while giving at least some encouragement to economic and social advance is all too plainly evident. Social change does not always mean social development, but the changes in African life brought about by the new opportunities introduced through the European economic structure can lead only to the eventual fulfilment of the demand for political control. The promised land of partnership might have become a reality in the Rhodesias and elsewhere in Africa if more Europeans had been able to hear the voices of Africans as Professor Powdermaker has set them down.

OBSERVATIONS

Citizen of Two Worlds

"The Pleasures of a Nonconformist," by Lin Yutang *(World. 315 pp. $5.95), comments on a variety of subjects, with the emphasis on Chinese culture. Nicholas King is an editorial writer for the New York Herald Tribune.*

By NICHOLAS KING

LIN YUTANG has played a most unusual role in American culture, and he has played it well. He has popularized China for us in a way no other Chinese—and it must be done by a Chinese—has been able to do.

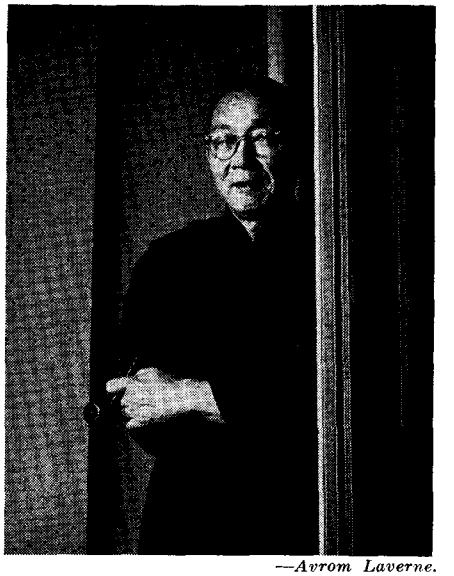
"My Country and My People" and "The Importance of Living" gave many average Americans their first view of the great and splendid mystery of China. Dr. Lin could do this because he understands and appreciates Western values to an extraordinary degree. He is a citizen of both worlds. It is a rare accomplishment.

In this collection of essays he continues along this path. Despite the catchword title, the substance of the book concerns Chinese life and attitudes, and the glimpses of them he allows us broadly define the immensity and complexity of Chinese civilization.

The astonishing fact is that such a gulf of comprehension, and even of recognition, should have existed between the East and the West. The world that is bounded by Judaeo-Christian and Hellenistic principles cannot easily imagine how so many of them can be ignored, and successfully, by Chinese thought and life. Indeed, the only way the West has been able to make an impression on China is through technical progress: modern weapons and modern machinery forced the Chinese to pay attention to us. China imported political theory, too, ending with Marxism. It will digest Marxism as it has digested everything else, but in the process there may be a great and terrible upheaval.

Despite the Western appreciation of Chinese art and customs that began with Marco Polo, few Occidentals have attempted to rationalize the Chinese character; and, aside from Sinologists and missionaries, hardly a Westerner has known—or knows—anything substantial about China.

In this book Dr. Lin is at his best



—*Avrom Laverne.*

Lin Yutang—China needs thousands more.

when his material suits the brief familiar essay form. His account of calligraphy is an impressive introduction to that important subject, and his remarks about Confucius are illuminating and succinct. He is perhaps less convincing on the subject of Chinese humanism, if only because a treatment of comparative philosophy and literature is simply beyond the scope of the short essay.

Nor are his Chinese, seen as ordinary mortals, always three-dimensional. They tend to resemble the Persians of Montesquieu or the Brobdignagians of Swift—vehicles for satire and social criticism of the people for whose consumption and elevation they were invented. It is perfectly true that Chinese life developed admirable qualities in both human and cultural terms. But it has also very often harbored what by any standard must be considered fanaticism, cruelty, coarseness, and—dare one whisper it in Dr. Lin's ear?—stupidity.

A final word must be said about Dr. Lin's insight into and sympathy with American life. For, if few Americans have understood much about China, no other Chinese one can think of has been able to grasp what motivates Americans—or has even made the attempt. The Chinese have always been completely ethnocentric, and their current attitude of implacable hostility to the outside world lies squarely in the center of their tradition. China needs thousands of Dr. Lins. Today, alas, no others are in sight.

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Quiet Chronicle

"Margin Released: A Writer's Reminiscences and Reflections," by J. B. Priestley *(Harper & Row. 266 pp. $4.95), draws upon the author's memories of the past fifty years. James Gray, author of "On Second Thought," is a close observer of the contemporary literary scene.*

By JAMES GRAY

IT WOULD be difficult to find a voice muted enough to cry with no undue emphasis the news that J. B. Priestley has written yet another book. For so small a volume it is well packed with amiable observations, generous critical comment, and casual wit. But its purpose is modest to the point of being obscure, and its contribution to the discussion of the writer's way of life is so slight as hardly to be discernible. Call it fugitive, for here a man who in the past has been a rugged wrestler with problems of time and eternity seems to cling whimsically to the coat-tails of the ephemeral.

For reasons that he does not record Mr. Priestley has put by the temptation to write the great, thundering, all-out autobiography which a man of his resource could have produced so easily. It may very well be his opinion that a civilization that prefers to get its news from pictures, its philosophy from excerpts of "great books," and all its entertainment from synopses or digests would not stand still and listen long enough to learn all that he could tell about his life's adventure in the world of creative effort. If so, it is a pity, for what he has decided to tell is insufficient even to his unpretentious purpose of offering a lively monologue about the writer's craft. This not an "experiment in autobiography" like the brave and moving one that H. G. Wells once wrote. It cannot be described as consisting of notes for an autobiography. "Margin Released" contains simply notes to a notebook for an autobiography.

The work has been expanded from some literary reminiscences once serialized in the London *Sunday Times*. To these recollections of the forty years of his professional life Mr. Priestley added sketches of earlier phases. The first of these presents him as a youth in his teens living in North England and writing strenuously in all those hours of the days and nights that could be borrowed from service as a junior clerk in the wool trade. The second puts him into the uniform of an enlisted man—an officer, later—in World War I. But what he tells us of the young author of blank verse is too flatly analytical, too thin, and too formulary to be evocative. The boy's heartiness is lost in Mr. Priestley's insistence upon how hearty he was. War, he tells us forthrightly, is not his theme, and he proves it by producing in the 1914-1918 passage only a handful of anecdotes, a "trickle of small beer" as he himself calls one of them.

The pages devoted to shop talk in London publishing circles and, as Max Beerbohm once put it, "around theatres" are the least satisfying of all. We learn, for example, how pleasant a surprise it was to see his huge picaresque novel, "The Good Companions," for which the publishers had little hope to begin with, become a huge success. But of the impulse from which the book sprang, and of the special workmanship used to support its bulk, nothing significant is recorded.

In the theatre Mr. Priestley seems like a stranger or, more accurately, a kind of absentee landlord. The confusion, feuding, carpentering, and attitudinizing that are sometimes miraculously resolved into the triumphs of the "cooperative art"—all this eludes him. But it is not because he is preoccupied with more important matters, such as how he went about putting ideas in motion on a stage or how he found new ways of communicating passion in his role as director. There is very little of the intellectual excitement one has a right to expect from so widely experienced a man of the theatre. Instead, there is small talk that gets progressively smaller until it dwindles at the last into an absolute boredom with the film and TV arts.

More gracious things could be written of this book. It presents Mr. Priestley as a civilized human being, always sensible about his own work, always appreciative of the achievements of others. With attractive insight he says that he has never pretended to be more than a man of talent, hopping from one artistic form to another because he found in himself a tempting facility for doing so. But, if he has not been an artist's artist, neither has he been a perfunctory writer, doggedly determined to appear anew in print or in the theatre every six months. He has cared, with robust sincerity, for ideas, social values, innovation, and experiment, and served them all to the best of a substantial ability. His exercises have seemed rewarding to millions of readers and playgoers; his experiences must have been richer to himself than he makes them seem in these memories.

Movies

Continued from page 19

mains Jack Lemmon's picture. His naturalistic style of acting is so highly developed that when at one point he walks blindly into a pane of glass, the entire audience winces with him. His scene in the greenhouse, careening crazily from table to table, smashing flowerpots with hands that have become animal claws, writhing on the ground in an agony of feral frustration —this is something beyond performance. It is as if the poison had penetrated his own system, benumbed his mind, and reduced him to the slobbering maniac we see on the screen. But the main thing is his eyes—bright and snapping in the early sequences, dark and dead at the film's finale. There is one astonishing moment when, in huge close-up, we can actually see the light of consciousness flicker out of them.

One can perhaps regret that Piper Laurie, who acted the role of the wife so vividly in the original teleplay, was not brought back for the picture. Lee Remick, for all her insights into the part, is nevertheless too fresh, too uncomplicated, too un-neurotic to make Kirsten wholly convincing. Memorable scenes have been omitted, like the one in which they drink vanilla extract when the supply of liquor is exhausted. But whether viewed as a bold statement of the alcoholic problem or as the personal tragedy of two of its victims, the film's basic achievement is its revelation of the range and temper of Jack Lemmon's artistry. And for that, I suspect, audiences will continue to be grateful for many years to come.

IN **"40 Pounds of Trouble."** Tony Curtis returns to the kind of innocuous comedy that first endeared him to his fans. The hair now is flecked with gray, but still bushy; the collars stand even higher about his neck; the clothes are the last word in intercollegiate sharpness; the accent reflects less of Brooklyn and more of his respect for Cary Grant. His film, a reworking of the "Little Miss Marker" theme, finds a six-year-old moppet (there is no other word) stranded in Tony's gambling casino. There is fitful amusement as his henchmen (most of the second bananas in Southern California) take over the nursing chores; a great deal more whenever Phil Silvers puts in an appearance, balefully flicking ashes from gigantic cigars; and an inspired burst of slapstick hilarity when the entire cast converges on Disneyland for a prolonged chase thorugh that shrine to mechanized entertainment. The setting is singularly apposite. —ARTHUR KNIGHT.

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First and Last

Continued from page 15

who broke away from the established and the conventional were poets of failure, Edwin Arlington Robinson and Robert Frost. In their own ways, they were protesting against the domination of literature in New England by officious spokesmen.

Sometimes this revolt was found at Harvard itself. Certainly when you read George Santayana's brilliant "memoir in the form of a novel," "The Last Puritan," you cannot help remembering that this book, published in 1936, was written by a man who had left Harvard, and America with it, in 1912. He had lived over and over the improbable but unforgetable effect of New England on his unsympathetic imagination.

Santayana's achievement is, of course, a little chilly, as even his best work tends to be; but "The Last Puritan" comes off because Santayana has the moral advantage of his subject. The theme of "The Last Puritan" is that a class with the highest possible opinion of itself, with every possible advantage in life—the hero is brilliant, handsome, and a millionaire—destroys its own happiness by insisting on inhibitions that it considers the mark of a superior caste. Santayana, writing as a Latin, as an Epicurean, and above all as a philosopher, finds this endlessly curious, a kind of freak in human history.

As a novel, "The Last Puritan" surely suffers from being so consistent an attack on New England's "abnormality." There is hardly a page which does not express Santayana's amazement at so much joylessness and self-righteous solemnity. Although the novel was published twenty-five years after he had left America, obviously he regarded the genteel tradition (his own phrase, by the way) as unchanged. It is out of the same bitterness against the genteel tradition that were to come the first great poems of T. S. Eliot, like "Prufrock." Eliot made the bookishness and gentility of Boston culminate in the final schizophrenic powerlessness of J. Alfred Prufrock. Santayana's novel portrays this culture as so sick that in the end both the Aldens, father and son, can escape from its grip only by death.

"The Last Puritan" appeared in the Thirties, at a time of profound social unrest and change. It brought to a head a general feeling that some New England types, at least, were too creepy to live; Santayana's book solidified, for many readers, the growing conviction that the original schoolmaster of the nation was perhaps responsible for much of the anachronistic social thinking of Americans at large. During the Twenties, the figure in the cartoons who seemed to be defending prohibition with rusty silk hat, umbrella, and immovable prejudices, was clearly a New England deacon. Then the official murder of Sacco and Vanzetti in 1927 caused many people in the country to feel that Judge Thayer and Judge Grant and Governor Fuller and President Lowell were really trying to punish the alien breeds for having come into "their" New England.

So at a time when many Americans were irritated with the Yankee as a type, Santayana's book seemed to bring genius to this movement of feeling. "The Last Puritan" is so thick with Santayana's *aperçus* on human deficiencies in Boston that the Aldens and the Bumsteads can hardly be said to develop or change. Santayana's thesis is that such people never leave themselves room for development; in their own minds, at least, their destinies are fixed from birth. Where in the world, Santayana seems to be asking on every page, did people get such ridiculously false notions of things?

The best possible answer, from a New England source, came the very next year, 1937, in J. P. Marquand's "The Late George Apley." Marquand, though thoroughly New England himself, happened by bad luck in his immediate family to grow up without the privileges of Beacon Hill and Back Bay; though he went to Harvard and eventually married into a famous Boston family, he knew from experience the exclusions visited upon the less fortunate in Boston. It is this cool and sceptical outlook on the upper class that gives such point to his satire. Marquand was to make good as a professional writer, and in all his fiction of New England society you can see that he writes from the point of view of the professional and self-made man, the man who commands a high price for his skills and has his professional pride—as opposed to those who have merely inherited their wealth and the social culture that goes with it.

Apley himself is so lacking in the instincts even of business that he has been kept by his more forceful father and uncle from directing the family's textile mills; he has been given a sinecure in a law firm where, symbolically, he guards old Boston trusts that he is not even in a position to ruin. He consumes his days in those endless committees and organizations that in Boston are so conspicuous an attempt to do good, though neither the lower orders nor the culture to which these efforts are directed may show much improvement. Although Marquand is not unfond of poor Apley—we are never without affection for those who make such perfect fools—you cannot overlook the fact that Apley, the fine flower of so much pretense to distinction, does not do a man's work in the world or lead a man's life. He has never had the slightest freedom to like whom he pleased, to marry whom he pleased. Here is a man who has never been even to the great Middle West of his own country, and who is so encased in the petty ridiculous rituals of his society, with its Anglomania, its hatred of the Irish, its fear of the poor, its dread of any real experience, that it goes on reciting its self-infatuated clichés to itself as if they had been acquired by personal thought.

Not again in New England, I think, will a representative of the Brahmins—that is, of the old Puritan scholars and ministers—make so much fun of those whose heredity and money alone permit them to misuse the name that in India stands for a priesthood and in Boston for stuffiness. The attack on this class has in recent times inevitably come from those writers whose grandfathers had to look at signs saying "No Irish Need Apply." Edwin O'Connor in "The Last Hurrah" has shown the real feeling that may now be at large about old New England—he has done this not so much by satirizing the "Brahmins" as by turning away from them to more vigorous human beings like Skeffington and his cronies around City Hall.

There have been so many valedictories to the last of New England, the last Puritan, the last Brahmin, that it would seem as if the old families, in the person of some Lodge or other, were constantly running against a man named Kennedy and constantly losing. But this is certainly not the whole story, and far from the end of it. For while I do not suppose that a novel with anything very new in it can still be written around the Lodges, I am positive that a very good novel, an honest and forthright and shrewd novel of American society today, of American wealth and American power, of American ambition and American smartness, may indeed be written around John Fitzgerald Kennedy. Obviously we have not heard the last of New England.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. bus. 2. plane. 3. raft. 4. sleigh. 5. tram. 6. cart. 7. ship. 8. hack. 9. rig. 10. car. 11. gig. 12. train. 13. auto. 14. liner. 15. van. 16. cab. 17. craft. 18. taxi.

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MINNEAPOLIS TRIBUNE PHOTO BY DON BLACK

Science Teacher: New role for a newspaper

"What's your next major project?" the reporter asked the builder of 300 rockets.

"To monitor the heartbeat of a mouse in a rocket," the expert answered.

The expert is Gary Smaby, an eighth-grader at Ramsey Junior High, Minneapolis. He's 13.

Because of this kind of enthusiasm among youngsters and adults alike, the Minneapolis Tribune has instituted a weekly Science Reading Series—illustrated articles by internationally famed scientists and nationally known science writers.

This "first-of-its-kind" feature is offered in preprint form to science teachers as a study supplement in secondary schools throughout the 3½-state Upper Midwest. More than 1,400 requests followed a simple mimeographed announcement.

Authorities like Drs. Harlow Shapley (Astronomy), Hugh Odishaw (National Academy of Sciences) and John O'Keefe (Space) are on the Tribune's impressive roster of science writers. An advisory board of 14 educators helps keep terminology tailored to school-room comprehension.

Although this Tribune series is brand new, the "newspaper in the classroom" concept is a matter of established educational practice in the Upper Midwest. The Minneapolis Star's Program of Information on World Affairs—now used by more than 1,000 schools and 80,000 students—is in its 17th year.

Producing *interestingly* informative newspapers and thereby "educating" readers of any age is an important reason why the Minneapolis Tribune and the Minneapolis Star have earned the highest degree of respect and loyalty in the nation's 14th market.

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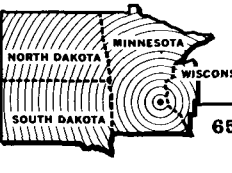
MINNEAPOLIS STAR EVENING



Minneapolis Tribune MORNING SUNDAY

495,000 COMBINED DAILY 650,000 SUNDAY • JOHN COWLES, *President*

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—*Wide World*

SR / Research

SCIENCE & HUMANITY

DEPARTMENTS: Research in America • Personality Portrait LXXXII • Science in Books • The Research Frontier • Letters to the Science Editor

ARTICLE: A Proper Public Accounting for Science

RESEARCH IN AMERICA

THE REWARD

IN THIS space last September began "The Unfinished Story of Thalidomide"—a sleeping pill brought here from Germany. Over there, the drug had been eaten by the ton because no one was known to have died of an overdose. Here, in September 1960, Dr. Frances Oldham Kelsey (pictured above), a Canadian-born physician new to the staff of the U. S. Food and Drug Administration, was assigned to review the record and recommend whether thalidomide should enter the American market.

From the original data on the drug, he could not make a sound judgment. She asked for further information. While awaiting it, she read British medical journal accounts of habitual thalidomide users who had been attacked by a nervous affliction of the extremities.

Twenty years before, Dr. Kelsey had done extensive laboratory studies of quinine's effect on the foetus of the rabbit, and had learned how drugs which irritate adult nerves could wreak devastation on the nervous controls of developing embryos. Stunted growth, paralysis, and monsterism all were possibilities. She related these memories to one of the claims then lying before her: that thalidomode would act as a safe antidote for the "morning sickness" of early human pregnancy.

Immediately Dr. Kelsey called for evidence that thalidomine would be harmless to pregnant women. What came from Europe instead, toward the end of the year 1961, was word of thalidomide's implication in an epidemic of monstrous babies.

Popular alarm over what might have happened in this country except for Dr. Kelsey's vigilance provoked the U. S. Congress to enact into law some of the drug reforms urged by *Saturday Review* and others since January 1959. And President John F. Kennedy awarded Dr. Kelsey the Distinguished Federal Civilian Service Medal.

Although thalidomide had not been sold in the United States, it had been given to hundreds of doctors for experimental prescription to thousands of unwitting patients. Disclosure of this widespread off-market distribution of the drug led to public discovery of loose FDA regulation of human drug experiments in general. Somewhat stricter regulations were hastily drawn up, to become effective on 7 February 1963.

A fundamental human right came under scrutiny as these events progressed: the right of any person to be free of subjection to medical experiments without his informed consent. Established in a formal opinion by the International Tribunal at Nuremberg on 19 August 1947, this right has been opposed as "impractical" by some drug experimenters (see Letters to the Science Editor, pages 58 and 59 of this issue of SR), and these men are interpreting the new Kefauver drug law as approval of their position.

Any experimenter so inclined can quote the law as allowing him to experiment on any patient without the patient's knowledge or consent whenever, in the experimenter's own private opinion, consent "is not feasible" or whenever, in the experimenter's private "professional judgment," consent is "contrary to the best interests" of the patient.

What the courts would say if the question were to be brought before them in a specific case cannot be predicted. Usually the intent of Congress is weighed in such decisions, and the Senate debate that preceded passage of the law clearly emphasized the purpose of holding experimenters legally as well as morally liable for protection of the patient's right to object.

Sharp teeth to impress this legislative intent were set into early drafts of the implementing regulations while public indignation was still rising in response to an FDA census of American babies crippled by thalidomide (the census later stopped suddenly without explanation). The enforcing teeth were imbedded in a clause requiring that any physician who failed to obtain the consent of an experimental patient must make and keep a record of his assumption of responsibility for withholding the truth. Such a record would be open to FDA inspection and would give the patient solid legal footing in event of subsequent civil or criminal action. However, when the regulations governing use of experimental drugs under the new Kefauver law were published in final form in the Federal Register of 8 January 1963, the enforcement teeth described above were gone.

WHO pulled those teeth? Why?

Such questions may be worth considering along with the supposedly glad news that Dr. Frances Kelsey will be in charge of a new FDA unit to evaluate human drug experiments.

No one doubts that Dr. Kelsey will guard the patient's welfare with whatever weapons are at hand. But is she to be given any weapons at all? She was not consulted in formulation of the regulations she must enforce, and they are nowhere as strong as the principles she enunciated to me in the past. She was offered no opportunity to choose her staff, which at present consists of *two* chemists (to study how many drugs?) She has learned since her appointment that the courageous and competent physician she had been promised as a superior to back her in decisions unpopular with the drugmakers—Dr. Charles May, onetime director of the Physician's Council, onetime editor of the journal *Pediatrics*, now on the staff of Bellevue Hospital in New York City—has been refused appointment because he is "too controversial," whatever that may mean. Vague new responsibilities have been announced for Dr. Kelsey alone. No date has been named for her investment with the concomitant authority. And no changes have been made within FDA to guarantee that complaints about drugs would come to her immediately and directly instead of going, as they often do now, into the hands of FDA lawyers or FDA inspectors or even the ever-present agents of the drugmakers.

Is this a just reward for a woman who has served the American people so steadfastly?

—JOHN LEAR,
Science Editor.

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PERSONALITY PORTRAIT—LXXXII

THE WIND'S DEPUTY

Dr. Theodore von Karman, of Almost Everywhere

—*Dagens Bild*

THEODORE VON KARMAN is cited by some of his colleagues in science as a proof of Werner Heisenberg's principle of uncertainty. According to this principle, no particle of physical matter can be simultaneously located in both space and time. Anyone who knows where the particle is cannot tell how fast it is traveling, and by the time the speed is learned the observer no longer knows where the particle is. Although Dr. von Karman is a most unusual congregation of physical particles, and so might be supposed exempt from ordinary laws, a familiar of his insists:

"When you ask von Karman's whereabouts, you never find out where he is but always where he has been or where he is going."

The chase is continuous, covering most of planet earth. This short little man with the gray mane and ear-to-ear grin is one of the most consulted personages on the globe. He livens the pursuit by leaving a trail of berets, mufflers and technical papers forgetfully behind him wherever he goes, as though he were mimicking the wind, to the intimate understanding of which he owes his unique reputation.

One of the effects of the wind earliest noticed by growing young men is the way in which skirts are caused to adhere to the bodies of shapely young women. This phenomenon led von Karman to a profound appreciation of curves before he grasped the mathematical importance of those particular geometrical forms. And it was through the possessor of a particularly interesting set of soft flowing lines that he came to apply the mathematics of curves to the eddies and swirls of the air about him.

She was Hungarian, and she was in Paris; he was Hungarian, and he was in Paris. She was a newspaperwoman who had to meet deadlines; he was an engineer who didn't believe in deadlines, especially not those that might prevent him from sleeping late in the morning. But she was so very pretty and altogether persuasive that he compromised and sat up all night with her at a sidewalk cafe in order to be at the Issy-les-Moulineaux airdrome at 5 A.M. one day in 1907 to witness the first powered flight of an airplane in France.

von Karman then was 26 years old. Through the wisdom of his father, Maurice, a philosophy professor who had founded the state school system in Hungary under Emperor Franz Joseph, young "Todor" had been diverted from freak development as a mathematics prodigy early in childhood without discouraging his natural curiosity and mental agility. The boy had been graduated with honors in mechanical engineering at the Royal Technical University in Budapest in 1902, and had taught as an assistant professor at that institution from 1903 to 1906 while doing theoretical research for the Budapest machinery manufacturer: Ganz and Company. At the time of his visit to Paris in 1907 he was looking for a subject for a Ph.D. thesis.

Orville and Wilbur Wright had flown on wings powered by a gasoline engine over the dunes of Kitty Hawk on the North Carolina coast four years before. But their experiment took place too far off to impress the European mind. Because of a scientific tradition which will be discussed in just a moment, von Karman had thought very little if at all of the possibilities that flight through the atmosphere might hold for the personal future of individuals like himself.

The unaccustomed pre-dawn rendezvous at Issy-les-Moulineaux changed the young man's perspective violently. The doubtful crowd that gathered to watch the Frenchman, Henri Farman, fly a circular one kilometer (slightly more than half a mile) course left bedazzled by the daredevil feat. It was quite a story for von Karman's pretty companion. After she got the facts she needed for her chronicle, he questioned the pilot for hours to try to explain to himself what kept the airplane up.

According to Sir Isaac Newton's law of air resistance, the flight von Karman had just witnessed should have been impossible. By Newton's definition, air consisted of particles, through which the wing of any flying vehicle must plow. If the wing were angled upward at a sufficiently sharp pitch to facilitate climb, the surface exposed to the particles would be so unwieldly as to require enormous driving power from the plane engine. Farman's engine hadn't generated anything like that much power. Yet Farman had flown.

WHY? Why? Why?

The answer was almost excessively simple. Neither Farman, nor the Wright brothers before him, had read Newton's law. Consequently, the law didn't inhibit their wish to fly. If small box-kites could fly, lifted by the wind, why couldn't large box-kites be pushed hard enough to carry men aloft?

Such reasoning wouldn't do, of course, for scientists who knew of Newton's law. And von Karman set out to discover as quickly as he could why Newton, right about so many things, seemed wrong about flying machines.

Ludwig Prandtl, the man von Karman calls "father of modern aerodynamics" (a title many others give to von Karman himself) was teaching at that time at the University of Gottingen in Germany, along with the brilliant Felix Klein and David Hilbert, inventor of a strange new kind of mathematics.

So von Karman went to Gottingen to study under Prandtl. He took his Ph.D. in 1908. The subject: strength of materials. What a fabulous choice! It led him to examine the fundamentals of crystal formation, the causes of buckling of thin crystalline shells, elasticity of materials under stress, specific heat of solids, and transfer of heat energy—masterkeys to the design and building of airborne craft and spaceships.

For three years following the grant of his doctorate, "Todor" von Karman stayed on at Gottingen as a *privatdo-*

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cent, a teaching fellow paid only by his students' fees while awaiting appointment to the faculty. This choice turned out to be even more fateful than decision to go to Gottingen.

Among the doctoral candidates about him was one Karl Hiemenz, who hoped and tried to achieve symmetric flow of water around a cylinder. On his way to the laboratory each morning, von Karman would ask the candidate kindly, "Herr Hiemenz, is the flow steady now?" The reply was always the same, and as the days passed it became more despairing: "It always oscillates."

von Karman's curiosity was touched as much by the plaintive nature of the student as by the problem. One week end he got to thinking about it, and ended with some mathematical formulae which now are recognized as foundations of aerodynamic theory. In English, they are called "the von Karman theory of vortex streets," in French "Avenue de Karman," in German "Karman Strasse." From them it is possible to calculate one of the forces air will exert to hold back the passage of a given geometrical shape.

"It is very simple," von Karman has explained. "If you observe a body in air or in water—in any fluid—you see rotating motions behind the body. This motion is important because it causes drag—resistance.

"It was not always known that these assymetric motions could be useful. For example, behind a symmetric body—a circular cylinder—the eddies are alternating left, right, left, right. My mathematical calculations showed that this alternation is the means by which stabilization occurs. If there was no alternation, there woud be instability. My formula states the ratio of the distance between consecutive eddies and the distance between the two alternating rows"—which is to say, the width of the trails or streets between the vortices.

IN applying his theory to obtain configurations that would fly faster and faster, he ultimately discovered that Newton's law of air resistance—the one that had prevented scientists from thinking seriously about flying for so long—held true after all when the body passing through the air was traveling at several times the speed of sound.

But long before he understood the gap in Newton's thinking, von Karman's own thinking had made the von Karman name famous. By 1912, he was director of Germany's new Aeronautic Institute of the University of Aachen. There it occurred to him that he ought to know what it feels like to fly. He arranged a swap with some young pilots. If they would teach him how to take off, steer, and land a plane, he would teach them the theory of flight.

On his first time up, the plane rose to an altitude of 3,000 feet and was cruising along at seventy miles per hour when, without consulting the pilot, it suddenly decided to go down. It landed in a potato patch. Unhurt, von Karman and the pilot disengaged themselves from the apparatus and walked toward the nearest road. A police officer stopped them.

"DON'T you know it's forbidden to walk through a potato patch at harvest time?"

"Excuse me," von Karman said. "I was flying an airplane, and had to land."

The fine was twenty marks.

The pilot went free because of his uniform.

von Karman went back to theory twenty marks poorer.

In any genuinely productive life, there necessarily must be countless disappointments and discouragements. Yet this one experience with police rigidity is the only adversity that appears in any of the myriad stories of von Karman's career. And even that episode turned out well in the long run. As a theoretician in aerodynamics, he could make more meaningful contribution to World War I in his study and his laboratory than in a fighting plane. The Austro-Hungarian Air Corps grabbed him and made prompt use of his ideas for adapting machine guns to air combat and for protecting the fuel tanks of fighting planes from enemy fire.

The most interesting new conception that struck him during his four years in the Air Corps was the notion of a plane that would rise straight up from the ground. Two propellers, turning in opposite directions, would lift the vehicle. He worked on it, but never finished it, and carried the idea off in his head when he left the 100 days of Hungary's post-war bolshevism behind him.

After the war, von Karman's trail led steadily westward on planet earth and upward and outward from the planet. Although he remained as director of the Aeronautical Institute of Aachen until 1929, signs on the road of his departure appeared years earlier. A very well known and very learned German professor of the '20s delivered a lecture in the course of which he asserted the impossibility of ever leaving the atmosphere and the gravitation field of earth. After the speaker concluded his remarks, von Karman rose and said "I'm not a fantast. It is just a simple fact that one pound of kerosene has more energy than is necessary to take this one pound out of the gravitational field. It is only a question of technology and progress and time."

The current of history picked up speed shortly after that. In 1923, the late Dr. Robert A. Millikan won the

Herr Ingenieur

Haben Sie eine Stellung, die schöpferische Arbeit und Erfindungsgabe erfordert? Sind Sie in einer Position, die Sie mit Aufstieg und neuem Ansporn belohnt? Oder sind Sie festgefahren in einer Stellung, die so wichtig sie sein mag, einfach nicht all die Talente ausnutzt, die Sie besitzen? Bei Perkin-Elmer ist niemand jemals so festgefahren. Der Grund dafür ist, dass Perkin-Elmer eine Firma ist, der die Erforschung des Neulandes von Optik und Instrumentierung ein dauerndes Ziel ist. Hier widmet man sich Projekten, die scheinbar unlösbare Probleme lösen sollen, um somit der Menschheit in der Auseinandersetzung mit ihrer Umwelt von Nutzen zu sein.

Eine Perkin-Elmer Forschungsgruppe entwickelte die Optik und das Ortungssystem für das Astronomische Observatorium Stratoscope II. Die Aufgabe: ein System zu entwickeln, das eine von einem Ballon schwingende Plattform so stabilisiert, dass man Sterne und Planeten verfolgen kann. Die Lösung: eine Genauigkeit von mehr als einer dreissigstel Bogensekunde von stundenlanger Dauer wurde erreicht.

Perkin-Elmer Wissenschaftler erkunden gegenwärtig das Neuland der nützlichen Anwendung von Maser und Laser Geräten, die noch unerforscht und so revolutionär sind, dass man über ihre weitgehende Verwendung in der Wissenschaft nur Vermutungen anstellen kann.

Perkin-Elmer Ingenieure haben infrarote Nachweisgeräte entwickelt, die so sensitiv sind und ein solches Auflösungsvermögen besitzen, dass sie in zukünftigen Weltraumexperimenten Verwendung finden werden, um während des Vorbeifluges biochemische Strahlung der Planeten nachzuweisen und zu analysieren.

Perkin-Elmer Wissenschaftler und Ingenieure leben an der Schwelle revolutionären Fortschrittes der Instrumentierung.

Perkin-Elmer Mitarbeiter leben aber auch in der anziehenden Umgebung der schönsten Vororte des südlichen Connecticut, in einem waldreichen und hügeligen Gebiet, an der Meeresküste und nahen Skiabhängen, einer Gegend mit guten Schulen und freundlichen Nachbarn.

Falls Sie Interesse haben mitzuarbeiten an der Entwicklung von fortgeschrittenen Projekten und komplizierter Forschung in Elektro-Optik, Nachweisgeräten, Messung, Auflösungsvermögen oder Erkennungstechnik, falls Sie arbeiten möchten, wo Ausdrucksmöglichkeit und Anerkennung Ihrer warten: Lassen Sie uns einige Zeilen zukommen, mit einer Zusammenfassung Ihrer Erfahrung und Interessen. Wir würden uns freuen, ein Interview mit Ihnen zu vereinbaren, um Ihre Zukunft und Perkin-Elmer zu besprechen. Schreiben Sie an Herrn R. H. Byles, Perkin-Elmer Corporation, Norwalk, Connecticut.

Ein Arbeitgeber mit gleicher Möglichkeit für alle Bewerber.

PERKIN-ELMER

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Nobel Prize in physics. In 1924, Millikan attended an international physics congress in Europe and met von Karman there. In 1925, the late Daniel Guggenheim gave half a million dollars to establish a School of Aeronautics at New York University. In 1926, the Daniel Guggenheim Fund for the Promotion of Aeronautics was created with a $2,500,000 grant. At Millikan's instigation, California Institute of Technology got some of the money, and Millikan and the Fund together sent von Karman a cable: "What is the first ship you can take to come to Caltech?"

VON Karman's own account of his arrival in America is pure Gilbert and Sullivan. He reached New York in September 1926 in company with his sister Josephine, or "Pipo", to whom he was deeply attached throughout her life. He explained to the first newspaper reporter who greeted him that the reason for visiting this country was to visit laboratories. "But," von Karman recalls, "I happened to look at his notes and saw he had written 'is visiting lavatories.' I told him that although this, too, was necessary, it was not the purpose of my trip. I did not speak so well then English. I do not speak so good now, but it is better, yes?"

Of course he was committed to lecture: at Caltech and Stanford on the Pacific coast, at Michigan in the midwest, and at New York University and Massachusetts Institute of Technology in the east. He reached MIT on a Wednesday late in November. The next day, he was told, there would be a dinner of thanksgiving. He had not expected his fame in Europe to bring him such quick recognition on the Charles River, but he prepared for the occasion by getting a fresh haircut. "To my chagrin," he says, "I learned on the following morning that Americans have this day of Thanksgiving every year."

On his way across the continent, he stopped in Akron, Ohio, to talk with Orville Wright. By that time, von Karman was the foremost living expert on wind tunnels. But this was the first time he had seen the most historic wind tunnel of all—the one in which Orville and his brother Wilbur had tested plane models for 200 hours before the flight at Kitty Hawk.

Except for the serious note about the Wrights, what really happened to von Karman on that 1926 trip was very much apart from his parody of the experience. Enormous pressures were brought on him to make America his home. He was too valuable to lose. The devoted sister, "Pipo," favored the move. But two years passed before he agreed to a research association with Caltech. And two more years went by before he accepted full resident directorship of Caltech's Guggenheim Aeronautical Laboratory.

In the year of the final break, von Karman and his former teacher, Prandtl, were racing each other toward a theory that would explain the laws governing turbulence of air as it flows across a moving surface. A scientific congress in Stockholm in 1930 had been set as the deadline. von Karman was in the Dutch town of Voals one night, working on the problem with a favorite associate, Frank Wattendorf. The streetcar line from Voals to Aachen was Wattendorf's only way home. The last car left at midnight. Still engrossed in calculations, von Karman walked his

guest to the streetcar stop. Just as the car rolled up, von Karman felt inspired. Pulling a piece of chalk from his pocket, he quickly scribbled formulae on the side of the car. At first the conductor waited patiently; finally, he began to tap his bell sharply. von Karman waved goodby as the car moved off. At every stop on the route back from Voals to Aachen, Wattendorf jumped off the car and transcribed some of the numbers.

This was a typical display of von Karmaniana. It has been repeated many times since on tablecloths in various countries. No matter what tongue is native to him, a scientist always understands numbers. Even when using words, von Karman talks in concepts. Those who know him best never seem to be sure when he is saying something in Hungarian, and when in German, Spanish, French, Italian or English. Only the Yiddish is clear; it tells the jokes.

So many of von Karman's accomplishments are hidden away in the secret literature on military science that only a smattering of his contributions during the last three and a half decades can be noted here. Before there was a United States Air Force, he was testing rocket propulsion principles for the Air Corps of the U. S. Army at what is now known as Caltech's Jet Propulsion Laboratory. He is, therefore, the oldest living ancestor of Mariner II, the spaceship JPL launched last year to planet Venus.

von Karman tried to interest American industrialists in the potential of rocketry in those pioneering days. When no one responded, he organized the Aerojet Engineering Corporati at Azusa, Calif., himself, with four other Caltech teachers and the lawyer Andrew Haley as partners. Their individual investments of $1,250 each long ago pyramided into small fortunes, and thousands of workers today owe employment to von Karman's foresight.

In 1936, he became an American citizen. In 1945 the U.S. Air Force summoned him to lead a study of what the country's future defenses ought to encompass. In 1952 he was chosen to head the Advisory Group on Aeronautical Research Development for NATO. Today, at the age of 81, he is acknowledged to be the only man in the nation who can walk with equal ease into the Pentagon or any other center of aeronautical and astronautical research and trigger new experiments within hours merely by saying "I think we ought to be looking into so-and-so problem." The reason, of course, is that his students are everywhere in seats of power. They flock to visit him whenever the grapevine says he is at home in Pasadena, where he keeps a ranch-type house in the manner of Grand Hotel.

IF the gold medals and ribboned awards and honorary degrees that he has received for his aerodynamic theories and their application were brought together, they would fill at least one very large basket. But it would be unjust to think of von Karman as a man whose head is always out of sight either in or above the clouds.

He studied the action of wind on soil for the U. S. Department of Agriculture in the days of concern about the Dust Bowl. He helped to determine why the Tacoma Narrows Bridge collapsed. He joined with others in designing pumps for Grand Coulee Dam. He computed the shape and thickness to which Mount Palomar's 200-inch telescope lens should be ground in order not to buckle. Unfinished business still on his calendar includes the earlier mentioned helicopter (which he still thinks would be superior to present-day wind-choppers) and a sailboat that doesn't need a sail. Although he has never suggested that he might live to be a witness of it, he has expressed the belief that one day an anti-gravity force will be discovered to enable men to cast off from earth at will.

This is the individual President John F. Kennedy will honor in the month of February 1963 as first recipient of the National Medal of Science.

—WILL JONATHAN

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A PROPER PUBLIC ACCOUNTING FOR SCIENCE

The Editor of Science Points to Some Missing Items

By PHILIP H. ABELSON

With the increase in numbers of scientific research workers, the great national meetings have tended to become unwieldy. Many simultaneous sessions must be held, with meetings scheduled in a number of different rooms and even in different buildings. It has thus become difficult for individuals to rendezvous and engage in the exchanges that were a valuable feature of earlier meetings.

These circumstances have fostered an increasing use of symposia, and many valuable special sessions are arranged in connection with meetings of the major scientific societies. These sessions in general are open to the public or at any rate to registrants. Increasing even more rapidly are the closed symposia. These involve specially invited small groups—often twenty or thirty—who spend two or three days in intensive sessions. The participants may be brought together from all parts of the nation and even from abroad and include the more creative scientists active in a particular area of effort. The limited size of the group is a key ingredient in the success of these meetings. Transfer of information is facilitated; participants are less inhibited than they are in larger gatherings, and it is relatively easy to suppress the loquacious individual who insists on dealing in trivia. Informality sometimes characterizes the sessions, but a chairman maintains order and attempts to give direction. In other instances, the program is more formal. In any event, large amount of information is transferred both in sessions and in personal contacts among the participants. For those directly involved, such meetings can be acutely stimulating, and significant scientific progress often can be traced to them.

—*Carnegie Institution.*

Dr. Philip H. Abelson

Initiative for arranging the meetings usually comes from an established investigator. After a brief study of feasibility, including sounding out possible participants, he often seeks financial support amounting to $5,000 to $10,000. Because of his stature and his list of important potential participants, he can usually arrange for a subsidy. In most instances, funds are supplied by government agencies.

Unfortunately there are negative aspects of these closed meetings. Organizers of closed symposia tend to choose a small coterie of established individuals. This group gains the advantage of obtaining information concerning new research results far ahead of others. A net tendency is to favor senior investigators over younger men who have not yet won recognition. This favoritism often is compounded by what amounts to a policy of secrecy in the organization and conduct of the meetings. Understandably, the organizers usually have little stomach for the indignation of the uninvited. Less excusable is a common failure to communicate results or highlights of the symposia to the remainder of the scientific community. Often no direct notice of the event is forthcoming. Occasionally the papers are collected in a volume which appears only after the material is quite stale. Thus the conveners are in the position of expending public monies without a proper public accounting. At least one remedial step could easily be taken.

We feel that the organizers of government-supported symposia should be asked by the granting agencies to render in the open literature a brief report of the highlights of the meeting immediately after its completion. This would not remove all the aspects of special privilege; but it would insure that those not present could share in some measure in the proceedings, and development of the area of science involved would be enhanced.

■

NUMBERS are the standard yardstick in studies of scientific personnel. They are the measure employed in comparisons of our scientific effort with the Russians' and are commonly used in government reports. This emphasis is disturbing. It carries the implication that scientists, like nuts and bolts, are interchangeable and can be mass-produced. The latest report exemplifying this tendency is entitled "Meeting Manpower Needs in Science and Technology" and was released 12 December 1962 by the President's Science Advisory Committee. The document calls for increase in the number of Ph.D. degrees granted in the engineering, mathematical, and physical sciences from 2,900 in 1960 to 7,500 in 1970. To reach this goal the report proposes increased subsidies for grad-

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uate students. Given sufficient federal support, large numbers of men can be persuaded to undertake graduate study. Will the program produce excellence?

Unfortunately the report barely mentions quality and offers no other inducement to scholarship than financial security. This is not astonishing. All of us can understand numbers and money. But who can measure or inspire creative genius? Scientists vary greatly in their effectiveness. One Enrico Fermi is more valuable to the nation than a thousand ordinary Ph.D.'s. When we increase the number of Ph.D.'s do we increase or do we diminish the probability of fostering such geniuses? I suspect that in the recent expansion of science quality has been diluted. This impression is based in part on my evaluation of some recent Ph.D. theses which would barely have earned an M.S. degree in an earlier period. Many papers today seem pedestrian. The experimental equipment employed usually is superb; the idea content too often is thin. Some graduate students in more than one eastern school are on the job only forty hours a week. A desirable standard is more like seventy to ninety hours. This development indicates lack of motivation. A gifted individual has nothing if he is without drive and a sense of direction. A man of moderate endowment may show flashes of genius if he struggles hard enough. Some of the great scientists of the past were comparatively free from financial pressures; others were creative in spite of adversity. Most individuals seem to need a hardening experience to bring out their best. Giving such people financial security is as likely to hurt them as to help them. The Great Depression was a valuable experience for some scientists who were in their formative years at the time. Turning away from the negative aspects of lack of money, they emphasized the search for truth, the love of knowledge, the joy of discovery, the esteem of colleagues. Will these values seem important to the additional students who are lured into graduate school by increased subsidies? Implementation of the report should produce a fine crop of technologists for industry. It may diminish the number of gifted individuals with the necessary motivation to be truly creative. We hope that in planning for future manpower less attention will be directed toward numbers and more toward quality. The current report is the first in a series. Perhaps a later document will deal with these difficult but more important aspects.

[The two significant editorials reproduced above appeared originally in Science, official journal of the American Association for the Advancement of Science.]

SCIENCE IN BOOKS

CANCER-INDUCING DNA

A Special Report on Genes and Disease

SLIGHTLY more than a year ago a group of scientists from the Sloan-Kettering Institute for Cancer Research, headed by Dr. Aaron Bendich, combined forces with Drs. Sarah Stewart and Bernice Eddy of the National Institutes of Health to study the infective and cancer-inducing component of polyoma virus [an extraordinarily prolific and versatile cancer-provoker].

Polyoma virus was inoculated into tissue cultures of mouse embryo cells. The virus multiplied within the cells, producing characteristic changes and releasing new virus particles into the cytoplasm. The virus-containing fluid was removed and the virus particles harvested from it. Then the protein coat was stripped off the virus, leaving only the nucleic acid the virus had contained. When the isolated nucleic acid was added to a fresh culture of mouse embryo cells, it produced the same characteristic effects as the whole virus particles. When the new virus particles—formed in the nucleic-acid-infected cells—were inoculated into mice or hamsters, the disease produced was characteristic of that induced by polyoma virus. Finally, when the isolated nucleic acid itself was injected into laboratory animals, polyoma tumors were produced in some animals.

The isolated nucleic acid was treated with DNase—the enzyme which specifically digests DNA [deoxyribonucleic acid, keeper of the code of life]. The treated acid promptly lost all of its infectivity.

Thus these new infective molecules proved to be both the first infective DNA isolated and the first cancer-inducing nucleic acid, a combination that may well be more than fortuitous. For many years, it has seemed evident that cancer is associated with a permanent change in the cell's genetic machinery. The cellular genetic control resides in nucleic acid of the deoxyribose type. DNA from various species differs in details of its chemical structure and these variations are presumed to be the basis of differences in the genetic character, and hence in the characteristics and functions of different cell types. As one considers this concept of basic scientific research, unfolded over the last decade or so, one is led inevitably to the conclusion that cancer cells differ from normal cells by some detail in the structure of the deoxyribonucleic acid. Does the polyoma virus itself contain just that particular segment of DNA that would lend the cell new malignant powers?

Explorations are now underway at the Institute to study the relationship between the nucleic acids of the host cell and of foreign DNA introduced into the cell. Studies are being made to compare the DNA of polyoma-infected cells with the DNA of non-infected cells—and similarly to compare normal cells with cancerous cells of the same tissue. New methods of DNA isolation are being developed. As a result it has recently been possible to isolate, in what is believed to be an uninjured form, the DNA from human sperm—the archetype of all infective DNA—as well as from human leukemic white cells and many other cell types. Methods for labeling DNA with radioactive hydrogen (tritium) have been developed in order that the mole[illegible] can actually be followed into the cell. According to early experiments, DNA that is incorporated into a foreign cell, even though it may be DNA from an entirely different source—such as bacterial DNA into a mammalian cell—is incorporated into the nucleus of the cell. The tritium label may well have found its way into the host cell chromosome. Whether or not the nucleic acid is incorporated as whole, potentially functional molecules or only as breakdown products is not yet known. If the former is true, it may be possible to produce predictable and lasting changes in cells by introducing DNA.

Finally, ways are being sought to facilitate the entry of DNA into a cell. Isolated DNA is very fragile and is subject to destruction by ubiquitous enzymes and to interference by other types of DNA. To solve this problem, a specific protective coating for the nucleic acid may be needed. Fortunately, the protein sheaths of the common viruses are widely available and highly serviceable vehicles for nucleic acid transport; each prefers its particular cell type. So the pieces are being assembled bit by bit by means of wh[illegible] man may make his own "viruses" [illegible] probe the secrets of cancer and heredity.

—HELENA CURTIS
in "Viruses and Cancer"
(Sloan-Kettering Institute)

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"CAUSE FOR CONCERN"

Man Manipulates Himself in Tampering With His Environment

Perhaps the most critical and most often ignored resource is man's total environment. Increasing awareness of the importance of understanding the balances of nature is reflected in the gradual development of interest in ecological studies. The study of the interaction of all biologic species, among themselves and with the inanimate forces of nature, requires coordination of the contributions of all the sciences, natural and social.

The wisdom of examining environment in the totality of its interaction with man becomes increasingly apparent in view of the rapidity of environmental change in our country. We live in a period of social and technological revolution, in which man's ability to manipulate the processes of nature for his own economic and social purposes is increasing at a rate which his forebears would find frightening.

Man is altering the balance of a relatively stable system by his pollution of the atmosphere with smoke, fumes, and particles from fossil fuels, industrial chemicals, and radioactive material; by his alteration of the energy and water balance at the earth's surface by deforestation, afforestation, cultivation of land, shading, mulching, over-grazing grasslands, reduction of evapotranspiration, irrigation, drainage of large swamp lands, and the building of cities and highways; by his clearing forests and alterations of plant surface cover, changing the reflectivity of the earth's surface and soil structures; by his land-filling, construction of buildings and seawalls, and pollution, bringing about radical changes in the ecology of estuarine areas; by the changes he effects in the biologic balance and the physical relocation of water basins through the erection of dams and channel works; and by the increasing quantities of carbon dioxide an industrial society releases to the atmosphere.

There is a continuing worldwide movement of population to the cities. The patterns of society are being rapidly rearranged, and new sets of aspirations, new evaluations of what constitutes a resource, and new requirements in both type and quantity of resources are resulting.

The effects on man himself of the changes he has wrought in the balance of great natural forces and in the new microenvironment which he has created are but dimly perceived and not at all well understood. The following examples suggested by observable changes in environment illustrate questions for which answers should be sought through research.

Environmental Health and Disease. Little is known of the short-term or long-term effects on man's health and productivity of the great variety of air and water pollutants, in terms of his ability to adapt, to build up resistance over what periods of time, and to tolerate what levels of toxicity. Neurological disorders and physiological reactions have been traced to some of these pollutants.

Geographic and Time Distribution of Disease. Diseases such as cancer and heart disease are in some way environmentally linked, but the mechanisms of linkage are not now known. As various environments have become more industrialized they have shown a rise in certain types of cancer, a drop in others.

The Environment and Biological Functioning. Man, after tens of thousands of years of very slow, very gradual change in environment, has in the past few hundred years made radical and abrupt changes to which he has to adjust more rapidly than ever before. Evidence indicates significant physiological and psychological reactions to such changes, but neither the causes nor the short- or long-range results are clear. Among the changed regimes which produce these physical and mental effects, still to be precisely identified and measured, are: the provision of artificial climates for increasing numbers of our population, changes in the light-dark cycles, changes in temperature and humidity, and increase in ambient noise levels.

There is a host of components of the physical atmosphere that are bioclimatic in nature, which affect, or in some cases are presumed to affect, human biology. Those known to have such effects include motion of air, atmospheric pressure fluctuations, the chemical composition of air, ionizing radiations, and atmospheric electricity. In the "presumed-effects" group are radio waves, long-wave radiation, space charges, electrostatic fields, and variations in atmospheric pressures.

Climatic Modifications. Man has worked assiduously to control or change natural phenomena for his benefit. He has tried particularly to influence weather and climate by modification of the atmosphere. There has been a long history of efforts to induce precipitation artificially, to cause the dissipation of cloud cover, and to reduce the violence of storms.

Many of the questions relating to the artificial induction of rain are far from settled; there is no solid basis at present either for rejection or for optimism. In cloud dissipation, it has been demonstrated that the seeding technique used for inducing precipitation could be used to cut holes in clouds as well, but this effect has not proved particularly practical yet.

Seeding of hurricanes, extratropical cyclones, and thunderstorms to dissipate or release their effects has been tried only on a limited scale, and as yet without significant results. Understanding of the development and movement of such disturbances is so imperfect that it is doubtful that a significant, man-induced influence could now be recognized. Any program to control storms must await the development of understanding of the natural processes involved.

In summary, it is apparent that man must concern himself with a variety of changes in the environment, both those caused by human beings and those reflecting man's responses. Some are good; some may be very harmful. That we often do not have any clear-cut idea of their impact on man, or of man's response, is cause for concern. It would seem unwise to continue to tamper with environment without, concurrently, striving to determine the real and lasting effects of our actions.

—Committee on National Resources,
National Academy of Sciences
in "National Resources:
A Summary Report
to the President of the U.S.A."
(NAS Publication No. 1,000)

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THE RESEARCH FRONTIER

—from "The Violent Gang"

WHERE IS SCIENCE TAKING US? *Away from planet earth, at what scientists quite appropriately call "escape" speed. Unconsciously in some cases, consciously in others, thousands of men and women are vicariously joining exploration of the sky-ocean as relief from the problems of home. Perhaps the most widely discussed event of recent decades was the Soviet launching of the first spaceship, Sputnik 1, in October 1957. How much have you heard about something that happened in New York City's Highbridge Park just three months earlier?*

On 30 July 1957, a boy named Michael Farmer, aged 15 years, crippled by polio, was stabbed and stomped to death near an upper East Side swimming pool. No money was taken from the boy's mutilated body. No matter of personal revenge was involved. According to all the information that police could piece together

By LEWIS YABLONSKY
University of California

IT IS the contention of this article that a new type of criminal is at large.

This new breed of sociopathic offender is replacing the old sociological model described in Edwin H. Sutherland's classic theory of "differential association." A grossly over-simplified description of Sutherland's model would say that criminals learn to become criminal from association with other offenders. They are trained into criminal patterns at an early age in a school of criminal *modus operandi,* which specifies certain criminal values and behavior patterns. In "Principles of Criminology" (Lippincott, 1947), Sutherland cited the "professional thief" as a case example:

> Professional thieves make a regular business of theft. They use techniques which have been developed over a period of centuries and transmitted to them through traditions and personal association. They have codes of behavior, *esprit de corps,* and consensus. They have a high status among other thieves and in the political and criminal underworld in general. They have differential association in the sense that they associate with each other and not, on the same basis, with outsiders, and also in the sense that they select their colleagues.
>
> Because of this differential association they develop a common language or argot which is relatively unknown to persons not in the profession. And they have organization. A thief is a professional when he has these six characteristics: regular work at theft, technical skill, consensus, status, differential association, and organization.
>
> Professional thieves have their group ways of behavior for the principal situations which confront them in their criminal activities. Consequently professional theft is . . . a sociological entity.

This image of the old-fashioned criminal characterizes him as a resourceful, well-trained and effective felon; a member of a profession (albeit illegal) with certain ethics and values which dictate his conduct. In criminal jargon, the "professional thief" had "class" or "character." He would not "give his buddies up" and he even proscribed certain victims. Assault and violence were used as a means to an end—not as an end in themselves.

In sharp contrast to the personality just described is a young modern violent gang member who told me, after a brutal homicide in which he had been involved:

> "I have my mind made up I'm not going to be in no gang. Then I go on inside. Something comes up. Then here all my friends coming to me. Like I said before, I'm intelligent and so forth. They be coming to me—then they talk to me about what they gonna do. Like, 'Man, we'll go out here and kill this cat.' I say, 'Yeah. They kept on talkin'. I said, 'Man, I just gotta go with you.' Myself, I don't want to go, but when they start talkin' about what they gonna do, I say, 'So, he isn't gonna take over my rep. I ain't gonna let him be known more than me.' And I go ahead, just for selfishness . . ."

This type of senseless violence is perpetrated for ego status—for "kicks" or "thrills." The "kicks" involve and produce a type of emotional euphoria which, the new cri nal maintains, "makes me feel good." He does it "for selfis.. ness." The goals of the crime are self-oriented in a primary fashion with material gain as a very secondary consideration.

IF the criminal gang involved in burglary and robbery represented the "professional" model criminal behavior patterns of the past, the modern violent gang in many respects represents the prototype structure for the new criminal. This is not to say that criminal gangs do not exist today or that violent gangs were not active in the past; but it is to say that the dominant emphasis has shifted to the wilder criminal and the wilder organization structure—his gang.

The violent gang is characterized more specifically by many or all of the following factors:

There is no evidence of prior contact or interaction between the assailants and their victim.

The act occurs in an unpremeditated, generally spontaneous and impulsive manner.

In some cases (particularly, for example, in violent gang assault), there is a degree of prior build-up to the act; however, the final consequence (often homicide) is not really anticipated.

The violent collectivity has indicated by prior behavior or personality factors a potentiality for the commission of violence for some period of time.

The post-rationale expressed by the offenders for the violent behavior is usually without regret or at least inappropriate to the act committed.

As an individual offender, the *new* criminal may be classified as follows. He has a persistent pattern of devia behavior characterized by an almost total disregard the rights and feelings of others. A listing of overt personality and behavior traits of this brand of sociopath would include most, if not all, of the following factors (1) limited social conscience, (2) egocentrism dominates most interaction, "instrumental manipulation" of others for self-

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afterward, Michael Farmer did not know his assailants nor did his killers know their victim.

Sociologist Lewis Yablonsky documented that horror story in "The Violent Gang," a book published by Macmillan in 1962. Since the book's appearance, he has gathered further insight into senseless executions by neighborhood toughs. At the 1962 annual meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science in Philadelphia last December, he boiled his findings down to a description of "The New Criminal." Although he took personal responsibility, as Associate Professor of Sociology and Social Welfare at the University of California (Los Angeles), for the summation before the Criminology Section of the AAAS, he acknowledged the research collaboration of one of his graduate students, John Irwin. Below are their conclusions, adapted for publication in SR/Research.

—Henry Anderson.

Lewis Yablonsky

advantage (rather than effective relating), (3) inability to forego immediate pleasure for future goals, (4) habit of pathological lying to achieve personal advantage (according to Hervey Cleckley in "The Mask of Sanity," the sociopaths' feelings and emotions are "word deep"), and (5) violent outbursts when blocked from momentary goals.

Borrowing a criterion from David Riesman's "Lonely Crowd," we may say that another observed characteristic of the *new* criminal basic personality involved a shift from "inner-direction" to "other-direction." Perhaps the change in the basic personality which has taken place in the middle-class person in the United States (as described by Riesman) can be equated with the shift in the basic personality of the criminal. The overall shift of social forces which formed the causal context of change in the middle-class man also appears to have produced changes in the participant in criminal culture.

The "inner-directed" person (*old* criminal) is more concerned with concrete material gain and less with psychic emotional gratification characteristic of the "other-directed" individual (*new* criminal). The business of the criminal of the past was making money and to make money took skill. Highly skilled professionals thus emerged within the criminal subcultures. As in the legitimate society, the skills were those that allowed the person to manipulate the material world. Burglary, robbery, hi-jacking, forgery, counterfeiting methods and other professional skills became highly developed. The *old* criminal was secure in himself and developed his professional craft. He not only knew how to "pull a caper," but how to do it in the "cleanest" way possible. This implied a knowledge of law, court proceedings, police methods, and many other aspects of the "caper."

The *old* criminal had to make contacts with trusted people whom he needed in the pursuit of his criminal work. He had to trust others to cooperate with his criminal venture. This often meant using a steady "fence" when dealing in merchandise. He often made contracts with lawyers whom he could trust, who were "right." They would afford him legal advice before a crime and would go to bat for him if he were caught. There was even a right way for the *old* criminal who couldn't "beat the rap" to "do time" when he was caught. The training for it was directed toward getting out with a minimum sentence. It also prescribed the correct behavior in relation to other criminals, officials, 'bulls," and other "cons" while "in stir." Inherent in the old criminal society was an important factor which fostered the old cohesive criminal subculture. This was the presence of role models for the maturing delinquent. The means for criminal success were clear. The apprentice had available to him exemplary models.

Partly because the old style criminal models were of limited variety, the *new* criminal has adopted among other traits a new style. He is "cool" or "hip." The manipulative principle of relating has perhaps filtered down from the middle-class competitive system. For the *new* criminal, "how to win friends and influence people" becomes interpreted to mean how to beat a "mark" (victim).

This new definition of how to earn money has a different emphasis from the former definition. The *old* thief was out to make money in the cleanest, quickest, fastest way. The *new* "hip" criminal is out to make money, too, but of equal importance to him is beating someone in the process, by manipulating them and so making himself look "sharp" to others. The emphasis is often on the sharpness rather than on making money. The means for theft become an end.

A central theme in hipsterism is "having a ball" or getting "kicks." "The main purpose of life for the cat is to experience the 'kick.'" A "kick" may be any act tabooed by "squares" which heightens and intensifies the present moment of experience and differentiates it as much as possible from the humdrum routine of daily life. Seeking "kicks" naturally will be the main concern of youths with no commitment to any goals beyond daily proving oneself.

Violence often replaces "hip" talk and "coolness" (verbal manipulations for ego needs) in this scheme. It becomes an important "rep"-making device. As one youth involved in a gang killing told me:

> "If I would of got the knife, I would have stabbed him. That would of gave me more of a build-up. People would have respected me for what I've done and things like that. They would say, 'There goes a cold killer.'"

Addiction to alcohol or drugs can be seen as another convenient and amenable pattern for the *new* criminal. If one views hipsterism, "coolness" and "kicks" as overt symptom patterns of an underdeveloped self, it is logical to anticipate how the drug addiction symptom could also take over. In many ways, addiction is a new fad which the "other-directed" criminal has grabbed onto. As one "hip" criminal stated:

> "Man, getting on drugs is like putting all your little bills in one easy package. When you become hooked, you only got one problem: getting stuff."

The basic personality of the "other-directed" criminal makes him very susceptible to drug addiction. All that he

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requires to start using drugs is to come into contact with a drug-using collectivity. He is seeking "kicks," trying to keep up with the trends of his culture, trying to be "hip;" so if drugs are "the scene," the "other-directed" criminal will "make it."

In summary, the *new* criminal is "kicks"-oriented, be it violence, drugs or being a hipster. As an "other-directed" personality, he is amenable and susceptible to criminal fads or new scenes. As a sociopath, he is not totally disoriented from the larger society. However, he characteristically has a limited social conscience or concern for others. He is undersocialized to the legal society, and his own criminal subculture has few clear and binding rules or demands.

This is in marked contrast with the well-trained *old* criminal who assumed responsibility for relating positively to his cohorts in their criminal activities. He had "character" and "ethics" in his criminal pursuits.

The *new* criminal, by contrast, would and does literally give his crime partner up in return for an offer of a "fix" or a "pill."

The causal context from which the *new* criminal personality has risen seems to include the following forces:

1. The shift from a stable slum condition to a disorganized slum. The high delinquency areas of the past had a stable population. A criminal hierarchy could develop. There was room at the top for an enterprising "hood" if he trained with an older criminal and had vision. The modern scene emphasizes "kicks" and achievement in the "here and now," because there is no criminal ladder to climb in the shifting slum.

2. Because of the current limited neighborhood criminal hierarchy, there is a concomitant limited training or recruitment system for the youth personally predisposed towards a life of professional crime. As a corollary of this fact, good professional criminal role models and educators are disappearing.

The downfall of the old criminal culture is also partly due to improved police methods. New safes, new detection methods, fingerprint systems, etc., have made it difficult for the old type professional criminal to operate effectively.

Also, the world-wide discussion of potential total destruction and manipulation of instruments of violence, although difficult to prove as a causal force, no doubt filters down to help develop the problem. And the acceleration of great social change affecting our society also plays some role in spawning the *new* criminal.

HOW is society to treat the *new* criminal?

The old prison does not work for him. In particular, traditional rehabilitation schemes are a totally ineffective approach to the addictive component of his behavior system.

A new approach called Synanon has emerged. Synanon is a therapeutic community composed of ex-criminal addicts who have gone legal and honest in the extreme. This anti-addiction society originated with Charles E. Dederich, a former business executive, who had worked out of an alcoholic problem and was motivated to transmit the forces which had led to his own recovery. A brilliant person with many characteristics of a charismatic leader, Dederich attracted to his residency by the beach in Ocean Park, Calif., a coterie of alcoholics and drug addicts who were stimulated by the philosophical discussions which he led. Many of these people had no roots. Some moved into Dederich's "pad." Within a short time, a small colony of about fifteen addicts moved into various apartments in the immediate area. Over the past four years, the experiment has attracted more than 600 financial sponsors. As a result of exposure to this unique social system, approximately 150 persons, most with long criminal and addiction records, no longer find it necessary to use drugs or commit crimes. Some have been clean of deviant patterns for periods of up to four years, seventy for over one year.

One of the creations of Synanon is a breed of therapist—a Synanist, who has three levels of experience which uniquely qualify him for work with other offenders:

1. He has a lengthy history of criminal experience.

2. At Synanon, this individual has deeply experienced the emotional upheaval of rejecting one way of life for another.

3. He knows the Synanon social system. He has a subconscious conception of the processes at work for helping others and is himself a functional part of this organization.

INITIALLY, Synanon society is able to involve and control the offender. This is accomplished through providing an interesting social setting comprised of associates who understand him and will not be outmaneuvered by his manipulating behavior. Within this system, the offender can (perhaps for the first time) see a realistic possibility for legitimate achievement and prestige. He is no longer restricted to "inmate" or "patient" status, since there is no inmate-staff division. All residents are staff and any resident can potentially achieve any position in the status system.

Synanon creates a new social role which can be temporarily or indefinitely occupied in the process of social growth and development. (Some residents have made the decision to make Synanon their life's work.) This new role is a legitimate one supported by the ex-offender's own community as well as by the inclusive society. With the opening of new Synanons and increasing development of projects in federal and state prisons (there is a Synanon project at the Terminal Island Federal Prison and another one at the Nevada State Prison), Synanists are increasingly in demand.

In the process of acquiring legitimate social status in Synanon, the offender necessarily develops as a side effect the ability to relate, communicate and work with others. The values of truth, honesty and industry become necessary means to the goal of status achievement. The threat of ostracism becomes a binding force. After being initially involved in Synanon, the individual does not for a time feel adequate for participation in the larger society. After a sufficient residue of Synanon social living has been acquired, the individual no longer fears banishment; by then he is better prepared for life on the outside (if this is his choice). When these socialization processes take hold, the sociopathic new criminal tends to become reconnected with the legitimate society and no longer finds it necessary to use drugs or assume a deviant role.

The Synanon approach provides a method for effectively working with a new symptom manifestation of the old crime problem. It is the most feasible therapeutic system currently available for treating the *new* criminal.

THE conclusions reported here are not based on any one special study but upon my own close contact with various offenders and with the structure of the crime problem over the last twelve years. I have studied New York violent gangs, ex-addicts, and ex-criminals currently living in an anti-criminal society at Synanon House in Santa Monica, California. My experience in running group psychotherapy sessions with offenders in custody in various institutions over the last ten years has also contributed to these observations. My conclusions are more hypothetical than "hard" research results; yet they seem to be confirmed by considerable evidence. Obviously, more intensive research is needed on this oldest frontier of human society—the otherworld of crime.

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LETTERS TO THE SCIENCE EDITOR

THOSE SHADY RUSSIANS

PAGE 96 of the 5 January 1963 issue of *SR* is a masterpiece. May I get permission from you and Urie Bronfenbrenner to have it reprinted? I would like to send it to every teacher in our school district. I would like to propose to our teacher organizations that they send it to teachers all over the state, and perhaps have it reprinted in such magazines as the national PTA magazine and the Junior Scholastic.

EMILY LEWIS.
Berkeley, Calif.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Request granted.*

OUR SINCERE THANKS to everyone responsible for "Why Do the Russians Plant Trees Along the Road?" which in one imaginative page says more than innumerable well-meaning books and articles. We have visited those summer roadsides near Moscow, and what do you think? The evil construction workers and children and animals just seemed to be enjoying the shade.

The trouble with us, on both sides of the road, is not being able to see the trees for the woods.

BARBARA AND CLAUDE PETRIE, JR.
Fresh Meadows, N.Y.

MY EIGHT YEAR OLD SON responded exactly as the fifth and sixth graders who are asked "Why Do the Russians Plant Trees Along the Road?" (*SR* Jan. 5). His answer was, "for camouflage." When asked why we plant trees, his answer was, "because they are pretty." But then he thought a moment and added, "That must be why the Russians plant trees, too."

I, too, ask why children react as they do to this question. It frightens me when I realize my son has absorbed this attitude from his surroundings. And we complain of conditioned responses taught by communist countries. Who conditioned my son?

KATHERINE M. ST. ONGE.
Cleveland, O.

THE ANSWER to Psychologist Bronfenbrenner's question, why Russians plant trees along the road, is obvious from a mere glance at the road pictures.

Any red-blooded American can see that our roads run straight and true; theirs slyly and sinisterly veer off to the left. Even a casual perusal of our daily newspapers could learn him that!

MRS. J. HARTZBERG.
New York, N.Y.

MARINER II's ROCKET

AS A READER of long standing, I would be remiss if I did not call your attention to the omission of Space Technology Laboratories as a participant in the success of Mariner II, as reported on page 90 of *SR* January 5, 1963. STL provided guidance equations and firing tables for this historic U.S. interplanetary probe.

J. M. RIEHMAN,
Advertising Manager,
Space Technology Laboratories, Inc.
Redonda Beach, Calif.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Page 90 of SR/Research for 5 January 1963 did not purport to recognize all participants in the success of the voyage of Mariner II. Such a listing would have encompassed more than 1,000 names: too many to be accommodated in the available space. The names published were those of subcontractors who built parts of Mariner II for California Institute of Technology's Jet Propulsion Laboratory, prime contractor for the National Aeronautics and Space Administration on the mission to Venus.*

The contribution of Space Technology Laboratories, Inc., was not to the building of Mariner II but to guidance of the powered-flight phase of the trajectory of the Atlas-Agena B rocket that launched Mariner II. STL's work was done under contract to the Lockheed Missile and Space Company and the U.S. Air Force.

SEED TIME

YOU ARE TO BE COMMENDED for the particularly fine selection of articles in the January 5 issue. I trust you will make copies of "The Ever-Renewing Society" by John W. Gardner available with its companion piece "Could These . . ." I am probably only one of many who would appreciate several more copies of it.

PAULA WOLFE.
Johnstown, Pa.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *"The Ever-Renewing Society" is being reprinted by the Advanced Systems Development Division of International Business Machines Corporation as a public service.*

RACIAL MIXING

THOUGH I AM ONLY a retired geologist, and not at all an ethnologist, I believe I can make a valid criticism of certain assertions made in the extract from Carleton S. Coon's "Origin of Races," which was published in the December 1st issue of the *Saturday Review*.

If I understand the writer correctly, he claims that some kind of a natural law prevents the appearance of large populations of racially mixed ancestry—that clearly distinct races of man such as Mongoloid and Caucasian, are like oil and water, and will never mingle completely, no matter how intimately they are associated nor for how long a time.

It seems to me that all the parts of South America with which I am personally acquainted are a living denial of this idea. True enough, there are areas of nearly pure European population (the Department of Antioquia in Colombia, Costa Rica), others almost wholly Indian (the Andean highland in Peru and Ecuador), still others, such as the Pacific coastal region and the lower part of the Magdalena Valley in Colombia, inhabited almost

"I don't want anything that affects my thinking."

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exclusively by Negroes. But people of racially mixed ancestry are clearly dominant throughout lowland Ecuador and Peru, and in most of the departments of Colombia, especially Cundinamarca and the city of Bogotá. As there is very little social pressure against inter-racial marriage, the constant tendency is for the population of mixed ancestry to increase at the expense of the unmixed.

Is not a large part of the population of Russia of racially mixed ancestry? I do not claim to know much about this, but I have been struck by the resemblance in appearance of several Russians I have known to North Americans of partly Indian ancestry. And, are not most Ethiopians pretty clearly of mixed White-Negro descent? Is not the same true of a pretty high percentage of Arabs?

It is my impression that wherever people of different races come to live in close physical association, only the most rigid of social feelings will prevent *rapid* mixture, while nothing whatever can prevent a slow diffusion of ancestry in both directions. I am also under the impression that religious differences are probably more potent than racial in preventing intermarriage between members of distinct groups. The fact that almost all civilized South Americans are, at least formally, Roman Catholics might have something to do with the freedom of marriage between persons of diverse racial background that I have already mentioned.

O. L. Haught.

Littletown, W. Va.

Editor's note: *Carleton S. Coon replies as follows:*

"Apparently I failed to make clear to Mr. Haught and perhaps to other readers what I meant about race mixture. In each major race's original territory, or territory in which it has established itself for a long time, it maintains its own genetic range of variability. Outsiders who mix with it, without replacing or swamping it, are eventually absorbed. Between such centers lie geographical clines in which mixed populations are found. Various Turkic-speaking peoples of Central Asia constitute such a cline between China and Europe. Mr. Haught's Russians who look like American Indians were probably Central Asians of Turkic descent. Between the Caucasoids of North Africa and Southwest Asia and the Negroes of Africa is a vast cline of mixed peoples, or intermediates, including many Ethiopians. Most Arabs are not Negroid, but Arabs countries contain some mixed populations which are recognized as such.

"In the two Americas, where only the Indians occupy any of their original territories, another kind of cline is to be seen: not geographical—for geography was violated by the conquistadores, settlers and slavers—but social. In some South and Central American countries the cline runs from Indians to whites via the ladinos. In other Latin countries and in the United States the cline runs from Africans to whites, with a considerable number of mixed persons between; but we fail to recognize the cline's existence, either claiming that everyone who is not white is black, or that there are no differences between races. Both views are equally fallacious.

"As for the role of religion in fostering race mixture and absorption, I have no expert knowledge of this subject, but as a layman I cannot see that Protestanism has done much to break down genetic barriers in our own South (nor has Catholicism or Judaism for that matter) while some of our colored people have appealed to still another religion, Islam, as a symbol of separation."

HUMAN GUINEA PIGS

In his article, "Human Guinea Pigs and the Law" (*SR*, Oct. 6, 1962), Mr. Lear engages in extensive editorializing upon a subject which he seems ill prepared to discuss.

Few thoughtful persons would deny the need for stronger drug controls in this country, but the main thesis of the article —the need for informed consent from a patient or subject—greatly oversimplifies a very complicated problem. I wonder whether Mr. Lear has considered *defining* "informed" or "intelligent" consent. I believe, indeed, that he might deny himself the benefits of the product of a certain mold if informed by his physician that a drug would not offer a 100% chance of cure, and might, indeed, *cause* a fatal reaction. Yet penicillin has been one of the greatest boons to mankind in the last twenty years. Mr. Lear forgets that every *time a physician treats a patient, he is* performing an experiment. The most that he can assure a patient is that his treatment has worked well in the past and that his peers feel that it is worthwhile and that any risk undertaken is justified. Thus, more emphasis on controls *within* the medical profession and drug industry and less on the nebulous area of patient consent might go far toward solving a serious medical problem without, at the same time, stifling the progress of medical science.

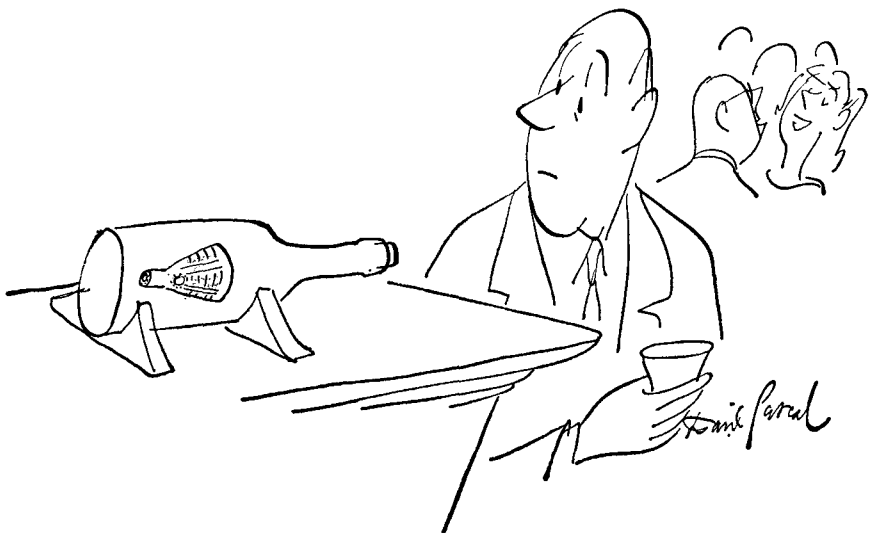
Although I take serious issue with many details of Mr. Lear's article and believe that they warrant a detailed reply, I believe, too, that this should be left to some esteemed worker in therapeutics, other than Dr. Lasagna or Dr. Friend, if you so wish. I cannot close, however, without expressing my amazement at Mr. Lear's implication that physicians are exercising some unrightfully assumed divine privilege in invading the rights of patients unbidden. When a patient walks into a physician's office, he is, in fact, requesting medical care. I can see nothing "unbidden" about this.

Abraham A. Lurie, M.D.
Associate Professor of Anesthesiology,
University of Rochester,
School of Medicine and Dentistry.
Rochester, N.Y.

Editor's note: *An appropriate reply to Dr. Lurie would seem to be the following excerpt from an Illinois Public Health officer's statement on the issue, published recently by the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions:*

"The American Medical Association on one fundamental aspect is its own worst enemy. It does not fully understand the principle that it cites as the basis of most of its arguments against social change in medical care, namely the freedom of the patient to choose his own physician.

"Not just the AMA as such, but also American physicians in general forget that the patient in the medical act is a free agent, that he has certain rights because what is being done by the physician is being done to the patient's body. One of the reasons they fail to see this in all its depth and significance is that in the technical aspects of medicine the doctor has the knowledge and the patient has the ignorance (though nature has the wisdom). But the patient is a free agent; ultimately, his consent must be obtained before anything is done to him. The patient does sign a slip when he enters a hospital for surgery—to cover the period when he is unconscious—that gives the doctor permission to do what is necessary. But this is not adequate if the consent is not enlightened. The term doctor means teacher and one of the main functions of the



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physician is to educate the patient to a right decision.

"Plato makes this point very well in a discussion of what makes a good law. He say[s] that a good law not only states that so[me]thing must be done but should explain why it must be done. To make his argument clear, he uses the common example of medicine where he distinguishes between the physician who takes care of slaves and the physician who takes care of free men. The physician who takes care of slaves, says Plato, 'prescribes what experience suggests as if he had exact knowledge and when he has given his orders, like a tyrant he rushes off with equal assurance, to some other servant.' The other physician 'attends and practices upon free men, enters into a discourse with the patient and is at once getting information from the patient and also instructing him as far as he is able and will not prescribe for him until he has first convinced him.'

"I think in the case of the doctor who took care of slaves we see overtones of clinic practice, of assembly line methods, of department store settings, of dehumanization. I think in the doctor who took care of free men we see the type of personal relationship that must be preserved.

"I must add, following Plato, that the intent is not to make the patient a doctor. On the other hand, we must be cognizant of the recent increase of malpractice suits and the way they have been settled. Organized medicine has suddenly become very excited about advising physicians how to protect themselves against such suits by making clear to the physician his legal obligation to explain everything thoroughly to the patient, including the possibility of unexpected complications and what these complications are. But the profession is excited for the wrong reason; it thinks this is something the courts have pulled on doctors; it forgets that a fundamental human right is at stake. This is a moral, not simply a legal, right; it is something the profession should have been more concerned about long before the ascendancy of successful malpractice suits. This is why the patient ultimately must have the freedom to pick his own physician. He must have the right to take a physician or leave him. This is not simply a matter of etiquette but of ethics."

DR. HERBERT RATNER.

Oak Ridge, Ill.

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(Continued on page 62)

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CAMPS

(Continued from page 61)

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By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Iterative sound, as of the hoofs of a galloping horse.	126 36 1 184 41 25 53 84
B. Prevail in a battle.	14 61 21 121 88 146 70 10
C. German dramatist, poet, recorder of the revelations of person in Word D (1778-1842).	149 13 6 33 75 76 68 164
D. Surname of the Nun of Dülmen (1774-1824).	181 156 186 9 43 94 114 74
E. Having undergone a sudden reaction (usually medical).	175 130 104 72 173 29 56 78
F. Any man who dies, having made a will.	93 97 47 124 120 148 80 162
G. Struggle through to a conclusion (2 wds.).	165 101 34 170 178 122 37 69
H. Special name at Smith College for Washington's Birthday (2 wds. not in WNI as a phrase: Ask your Smith friends).	189 118 5 144 4 62 171 138
I. Canonical; standard.	135 92 40 180 18 111 71 191
J. Great cave, Nat'l Monument in Wyoming, named for Amer. Indians of the Snake tribes.	154 2 161 163 39 166 100 107
K. Tropical cyclones of China Sea.	112 168 188 11 155 86 128 79

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
L. Utters severe denunciations.	32 136 8 105 27 38 44 139
M. Describing the bride and groom.	28 42 87 65 192 23 110 16
N. Throws gently toward something (2 wds.).	179 157 109 119 91 143 60 51
O. State of specially induced sleep.	102 160 174 89 113 152 83 185
P. Contemplate in imagination as coming into being.	20 82 98 63 159 145 190 77
Q. Inhabitant of a republic formerly (1925-60) a British crown colony.	106 187 46 55 176 123 90 183
R. Gentle; meek.	137 30 116 64 172 67 26 142
S. Descriptive of roughly seventy million U.S. inhabitants.	150 141 125 96 52 31 12 134
T. New Zealand, to the ancient Polynesian voyagers.	45 115 50 3 108 131 22 15
U. An important variety of sweet cherry (2 wds.).	182 140 66 132 95 151 177 35
V. The "jack" which is a kind of firework, a toy, any of several mechanical contrivances, etc. (comp.).	127 59 85 147 117 48 81 167
W. To feel, or inspire, disgust.	133 24 158 169 99 7 17 57
X. Drop by drop (pharmaceutical).	73 49 153 54 103 129 58 19

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

					1 A	2 J	3 T	4 H		5 H	6 C	7 W	8 L	9 D		10 B	11 K
12 S		13 C	14 B	15 T	16 M		17 W	18 I		19 X	20 P		21 B	22 T		23 M	24 W
25 A	26 R		27 L	28 M		29 E	30 R	31 S	32 L	33 C	34 G		35 U	36 A	37 G	38 L	39 J
40 I		41 A	42 M	43 D	44 L	45 T	46 Q	47 F		48 V	49 X	50 T		51 N	52 S		53 A
	54 X	55 Q	56 E	57 W		58 X	59 V	60 N	61 B	62 H	63 P	64 R	65 M	66 U		67 R	68 C
	69 G	70 B	71 I	72 E	73 X	74 D	75 C		76 C	77 P	78 E		79 K	80 F		81 V	82 P
	83 O	84 A	85 V	86 K		87 M	88 B	89 O	90 Q	91 N	92 I		93 F	94 D	95 U	96 S	
97 F	98 P	99 W	100 J		101 G		102 O	103 X	104 E	105 L		106 Q	107 J	108 T	109 N	110 M	111 I
	112 K	113 O		114 D	115 T	116 R	117 V		118 H	119 N		120 F		121 B	122 G	123 Q	124 F
—	125 S	126 A	127 V	128 K	129 X	130 E	131 T		132 U	133 W	134 S		135 I	136 L	137 R	138 H	
139 L	140 U	141 S	142 R		143 N	144 H	145 P	146 B	147 V	148 F		149 C	150 S	151 U	152 O	153 X	
154 J	155 K		156 D	157 N	158 W	159 P	160 O		161 J	162 F		163 J	164 C		165 G	166 J	167 V
168 K		169 W	170 G	171 H	172 R	173 E		174 O	175 E	176 Q	177 U	178 G		179 N	180 I	181 D	182 U
183 Q		184 A	185 O		186 D	187 Q		188 K	189 H	190 P	191 I	192 M					

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 9 of this issue.

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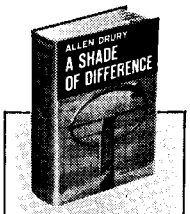

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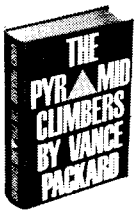

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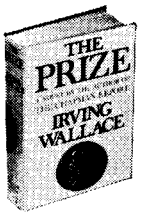

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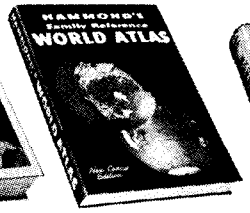

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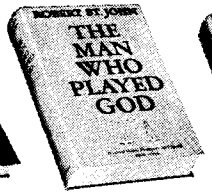

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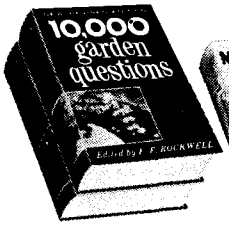

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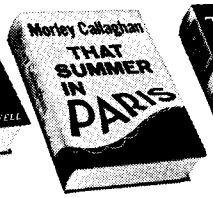

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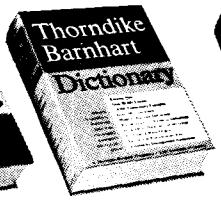

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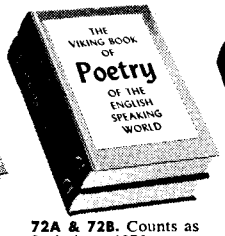

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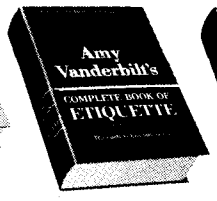

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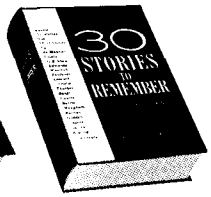

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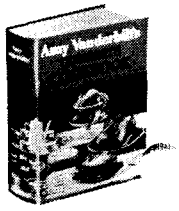

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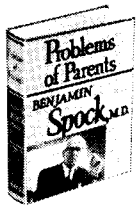

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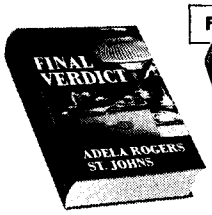

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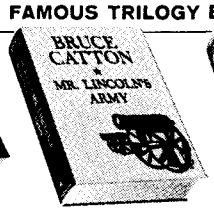

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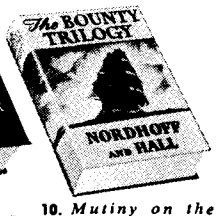

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